THE

Dying Mans Destiny,

AND THE

Living Mans Duty,

OPENED.

And Applyed in a

SERMON

PREACHED

On Board the *Loyal-Eagle*, upon the Coast of *Cormodell* in the *East-Indies*.

At the Solemn Obsequies of

Mr. *Richard Bernard*, Chyrurgeon,

Who, at the Conclusion of it, was (with universal Sorrow) thrown into the SEA, *Feb.* 1. 1680.

Together, with an *ELEGY* on his Death.

By T. N. Minister of the same SHIP.

LONDON, Printed for *Dorman Newman* at the *King's Arms* in the *Poultrey*, MDCLXXXII.

Eccleſiaſt. *the* 12th. *ver. the* 5th.

Becauſe Man goeth to his Long Home, and the Mourners go about the Street.

SO woful is the Corruption of Man, by Original Apoſtacy; that the whole of him is vitiated, and he totally incapacitated, either for proſecuting the great end of his Creation, or for enjoying the great good, unto which he was Created. The end of his Making was the honour of his Maker; whoſe Will was the firſt of Cauſes, and whoſe Glory was the laſt of Ends. And for the accompliſhing ſo great an End, he was endued with faculties which truly enobled him, with an underſtanding that highly advanced him, even to a degree a little below Angels; with a Majeſtick-Soveraignty, which crowned him with glory and dignity above all the other Inhabitants of the Univerſe. But the Current of theſe Faculties is now changed, the ſtrength of this Underſtanding is now weakned, the glory of this Majeſty is now eclipſed, and Man is become a poor abject, inconſiderable, nothing; nothing Creature, unable to ſerve God, his higheſt End; and to enjoy God, his chiefeſt Good. He can do nothing now, but commit iniquity; nor pleaſure himſelf with the Poſſeſſion of any thing, but Vanity. The poyſon of Sin hath ſo invenom'd, enfeebled, and wholly altered him; that he can neither perform any duty to God, or (with any ſatisfaction) receive mercy from God. Oh! How bitter were the greateſt Comforts to him in the day of his fall, when he could no longer ſhine in that ſphere he was created in, nor be doing that work he was created for: Then, Oh then, the pleaſant walks of *Edens* Garden were too hot to hold him; and the fragrant Roſes of that Terreſtial Paradiſe were too prickly for him. And no wonder the Creature could afford him no Comfort, when his Sin-ſick-ſoul was uncapable of receiving any from the Creator. The Fountain of Light was more terrible to him, than the blackeſt Miſts of Darkneſs; the Father of Mercies more affrightning, than the Compli-

cation of all Miſeries; for ſo we are told, he was *Afraid of God, and went and hid himſelf in the Garden.* In this forlorn condition is all the Poſterity of Man, till they come to the ſaving knowledge of Jeſus Chriſt; who, as a Brother, was born for the day of Adverſity to them? by whom they muſt be formed into the New-Birth, and ſo be brought ſpiritually to ſerve God, and to enjoy God in the State of Regeneration, whom they could never know in a natural condition.

But that which renders Man yet more deſpicable; more contemptible, is, that ſince the Fall, he not only fails, and pitifully falls ſhort of Theologicals; but he is maimed, and extreamly erroneous, even in Naturals: that is, he cannot keep from extreams in any viciſſitudes and changes he may go thorow, in any circumſtances he may be under, though contrary to the dictates of his own Reaſon. Hence, he cannot enjoy Mercies without ſlighting them, or placing his whole happineſs in them. He cannot feel Judgments without being hardned, as *Pharaoh* was; or filled with deſpair, as *Cain* was. He cannot love objects that ſafely and innocently may be beloved, without being weary of them, or too much over-prizing them. He cannot Mourn at objects that really call for Mourning, without Stupidity, or an immoderate fluctuation of Sorrow. Now the golden Mean between the extream of the latter, as it is that implicit deſign of the words I have read unto you; ſo it ſhall be the main ſcope and drift of my following Diſcourſe among you; and I doubt not, but to make it evident, that the practical Part of this, is no leſs the Duty, than the Glory of every wiſe Man: which although it cannot be attained to without ſome difficulty, yet it ought to be ſtudiouſly indeavoured after, by every one of us that pretend to Chriſtianity; that when we ſee Men go to their *Long Home*, we may with Religious Prudence, know how to act the part of *Mourners* in the *Street*.

I ſhall not trouble you with any Relative Conſideration of theſe words, or any Analitical Explication of the Chapter in which they are. Though the Preachers moſt elegant, and tropical Remarks on the Organical parts of Man's life, highly deſerve a ſerious review. If I had time (or were ſpirited) to make inſpection into them. But alas! I can better ſigh than ſpeak, and far more eaſily pour out floods of tears, than expreſs any fluency of words. I never Preached upon a more ſad occaſion, nor never was ſo wholly

indiſpoſed

indiſpoſed for an Oratour as now. My Harp is turned into Mourning, and my Organ into the Voice of them that Weep. And therefore I hope you will pardon my impoliteneſs, and excuſe my abſurd tranſition from the Context, to the Text: In which (without any farther Preface) be pleaſed to obſerve.

Firſt, The Dying Man's Deſtiny, expreſſed,——*Becauſe Man goeth to his Long Home.*

Secondly, The Living Man's Duty, implyed,——*And the Mourners go about the Street.*

From both theſe I ſhall infer this Concluſion.

Doct. When Man goeth to his *Long Home*; (that is, when he dyeth, and is put in the *Grave*) there is a Mourning due from his Survivers, and ought, eſpecially, to be paid by thoſe that are near to him, and do behold him.

It will not be incongruous, if we take a little notice of the *Periphraſis* here in the Text, of *Man's Dying*, it is called a going to his *Long Home*. *In locum ſeculi ſui, unto the place of his time*; So *Junius* reads the words, that is, He goeth to the *Grave*, where he muſt remain a great deal of time; which is all one with our Tranſlation, that calls it, *His Long Home*. Now, the *Grave* is a *Long Home*.

Firſt, *Comparatively*; or with reſpect to our ſojourning, and abiding here in this World. The time of the Bodies being in the Soul (for ſo our modern and beſt Philoſophers have choſe rather to expreſs it, than to ſay the Soul is in the Body) is but a very ſhort ſpace. One of the Antients was ſo affected with the ſhortneſs of Man's abode, in this vale of Tears, that he was at a ſtand, whether he ſhould call his life, *Vitam morientem aut mortem viventem*; *A dying Life, or a living Death.* Indeed the Arithmetick of Man's time, in Scripture, is very ſmall: If we conſider his Years, they ſeldom exceed *Fourſcore*; yet then, is his ſtrength labour and ſorrow; he is ſoon cut off, and he flies away. If we reduce theſe years into days, we are told, *Man that is Born of a Woman, is of few dayes, and full of trouble.* Oh! But when the Marriage-knot between the Soul and Body is diſſolved, when there is a Writ of Divorce iſſued from the Court of Heaven to ſeparate them; then the Body is laid up in the *Grave*, and there it remains

a long, long time, even till the day of the Resurrection. The Apostle speaks of an Home in this World, 2 *Cor.* 5. *ver.* 6. *Therefore we are always confident, knowing that whilst we are at Home in the Body, we are absent from the Lord,* ἐνδημοῦντες ἐν τῷ σώματι: The Preposition ἐν here, I conceive, might be better rendred *with*, than *in*, and so the Sence will be (supposing it, as indeed we must, the Breathings of the Spirit of Man) we are here as strangers, sojourning or dwelling with the Body, as though we were at Home for a small time. The Superficies of the Earth, is Man's *Short Home*; the Bowels of it, is his *Long Home*. Now, if we compare the time of the longest-lived-man that ever was upon the Earth (which was *Methuselah*, whose days amounted to *Nine Hundred, Sixty, and Nine* Years) with the time that he hath since lived in the *Grave*; we shall find the *Grave* to be his *Long Home*, in comparison of the Earth, notwithstanding his days were lengthned so exceedingly upon it. Thus you see, the *Grave* is a *Long Home, Comparatively*. But,

Secondly, The *Grave* is a *Long Home*, *Really* and *Positively*. The Time of Man's commoration in this dark Mansion, is not for days, or years, but ages; yea, for many ages: So that, we may call it a small Branch of the vast Ocean of Eternity. If we look at *Abel*, the first Lord of this *Mannor*; the first that took Possession of this retired Place; how many Thousand Years hath he kept house in this gloomy Tabernacle of the *Grave*: It hath been a long, a very *Long Home* to him. The *Grave* hath been an inhabited Tenniment by *Adam*'s posterity, above Five Thousand Years. And we that are yet alive, waiting to go down into it, how long our abode may be in it, we are uncertain; because, *We know not in what day or hour the Son of Man shall come* to break open the Prison Doors of the *Grave*, and to set us at liberty, that are in the Prison-House. *Job* speaks of the *Grave*, as the House he was most certain to go unto, and take up his dwelling in, *Chap.* 30. *ver.* 23. *For I know that thou wilt bring me to Death, and to the House appointed for all Living*. It is an House of a long standing, and will be of long duration, even as long as time it self; it runs parallel with it. The Creation of the World, and the Resurrection of Man out of the *Grave*, are the two Tropicks of time; or the sacred boundaries that Heaven hath put to it; (*A parte post & a parte ante*, as the *Philosopher* speaks: For, as before the former it had no Existence;

istence; so, after the latter, it shall have no longer continuance, but be swallowed up in the fathomless Gulph of Eternity. Time that now is always running, *Mobili cursu*, with a swift pace, will then be stopt in its motion, and be no more. But there are several things that must precede this: Great and weighty Matters must be brought about by the hand of Divine Power, before the End cometh; as we may plainly see, if we consult the sacred Oracles. Anti-christ must be brought down, with all his Usurpations and Idolatrys. The *Jews* must be converted. The number of the *Gentiles* must be brought in; and the House of the Lord must be set upon the Mountains, and exalted above the Hills, that all Nations may flow unto it: For out of *Zion* shall go forth the Law, and the Word of the Lord from *Jerusalem*. But till this be done, the *Grave* is the appointed house for all Living; and therefore it is a *Long Home*.

Having thus considered the *Grave*, as to its *Duration*; It is a *Long Home*: We will now speak a little of the *Grave*, with respect to its *Qualification*, what kind of *Home* it is: In the general, it is Man's designed and appointed *Home*. In the Text but now quoted out of *Job*, it is said, to be the House appointed for all Living. God hath appointed (by a decree like the Laws of the *Medes* & *Persians*, which never can be changed or revoked) that the *Grave* shall be the one Repository for all the Carcasses of *Adams* Children, to be laid up in, and kept till the day of the Resurrection. The Apostle speaks of the appointment of Death, (*Heb.* 9. *ver.* 27) *And as it is appointed unto Men, once to Dye, but after this, the Judgment.* Men are appointed to Dye, that they may go to their appointed home, the *Grave*. God hath appointed Mans being, and the time of his being in this World, as *Job* stedfastly believed. *All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.* And he hath appointed Man a place of resting, after he goes out of this World, and that is the *Grave*: Oh! How should this suppress Fears, and banish Cowardise from the Hearts of all timorous Christians, that are slavishly afraid of the Paleness of Death, and tremble to think of going down into the darkness of the *Grave*: Why, Sirs, though it be never so dark and gloomy; though it be an house of Rottenness, a place of Putrefaction; it is the home prepared and appointed by our Heavenly Father for us. And therefore, Why should we scruple to lye down in it? Or, why should we have any fearful

apprehenſions about it? Such perſons live in continual horror, and loſe all the comfort of their lives, as an Heathen well obſerved,

Qui metuit Mortem, quod vivit perdit id ipſum.

Oh! We ſhould be always remembring it, and reſt ſatisfied in it, that the Wiſe, the Righteous, the Holy, the bleſſed GOD hath appointed the *Grave* for our *Long Home.*

Firſt, God hath appointed the *Grave*, a Man's proper, ſuitable home; the home that doth naturally ſuite with his Complexion and Conſtitution. When *Adam* (by his Rebellion) had ſhaken off the glorious Theocraſy he was under, which would aſſuredly have protected him from the power of Death; however Homogeneal to his body, by reaſon of the contrariety of qualities in it; God left him (and that juſtly) to *Fall*, to *Dye*, according to the periſhing nature of that matter of which his Body was compoſed, (*Gen.* 3. *ver.* 19.) *In the ſweat of thy Face ſhalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it waſt thou taken: for duſt thou art and unto duſt ſhalt thou return.* As if he had ſaid; Hadſt thou continued in thy Obedience, and hadſt kept thy ſelf in thy Innocency, ſitting under the ſhadow of my immediate Government; I would (by my Almighty Power) have preſerved thy Body (notwithſtanding its Materiality) from ever ſeeing corruption, or being in the leaſt tainted with putrefaction. But now I'le leave thee to go down to the caverns of the Earth (where thy Body, being duſt, naturally inclines) with as much propenſity, as the Stone to its Center, or the touched Needle to the *North-pole.* What place ſo mete, what home, ſo proper for the earthly Tabernacle of of Mans body, as the earthly Apartments in the *Grave*: Indeed the *Grave* is no proper Home for the Soul (the better part) of Man; becauſe it is immaterial, incorporeal; not ſubject to deaths Soveraignity, aiming at a future being; and capable of being crowned with the glorious Diadem of everlaſting Honour; according to the Sence of that famous *Pagan.*

Terra Domus non eſt animis accomoda noſtris,
Altius it noſtræ conditionis honor.

The *Grave* is alſo a proper Home for the Body, by reaſon of the great change Death makes in the Body; which renders it wholly unfit to continue upon the Earth, without intollerable and inſupportable offence to the Living. When Death hath ſerved his

his Writ of Arreſt, and fixed the Impeſſion of his cold hand; Oh! how miſerably is the faireſt Face then disfigured, how pittifully is the ſweeteſt Countenance then changed; how horridly is the compleateſt Body then corrupted, and become a noiſom ſpectacle to its neareſt Relations? Inſomuch, that the fondeſt Husband then abominates the preſence of his moſt amiable Wife; the tendereſt Father then loaths the ſight of his moſt beloved Child; the deareſt and moſt intimate Friend, then ſtands aloof off from him, whoſe company was once truly precious, and acceptable to him. Therefore the *Grave* is the propereſt home for the breathleſs-body of Man; for there it ſleeps, and reſts without offence to any.

Secondly, God hath appointed the *Grave*, as Man's fixed ſetled home; a place of reſt after his toſſings, and hurryings to and fro in the World. We are born to Dye; yea, we begin to Dye as ſoon as we are delivered out of our Mothers Womb:

Naſcentes Morimur, finiſque ab origine pendet.

And we muſt expect no quiet, till Death concludes the play of our lives. The Apoſtle tells us, that here we have *no continuing City*, but we *ſeek one to come*. Indeed (like *Noah*'s Dove) we ſcarce know where to reſt the Sole of our Foot in peace. Here we are often forc'd to be moving, and removing, from one habitation to another, from one country to another; yea from one end of the earth to the other; we are never fixed, nor throughly ſetled till we come to the *Grave*; and then there will be an end, for ever, of all our Wanderings, and wearyſome Pilgrimages. Man (whilſt travelling in the Regions of Mortallity, under the circumſtances of being obnoxious to divers contingencies) may, not unfitly, be compared to a Ship, under ſail, in the wide Ocean; for that he is always rowling and tumbling, beaten up and down with Winds, and Waves of various providencies, and fatal accidentalities that do attend him; and ſo continually upon the Surfe of Motion, that he never drops Anchor, never is at quiet till warped into the Harbour of the *Grave*. And then, Oh then he is faſt, and rides ſecure from all Storms and Tempeſts! For there the wicked ceaſe from troubling, and there the wearied are at reſt.

Thirdly, God hath appointed the *Grave*, as Man's bounded, confined home. The place where all his deſires after, and all his endeavours for the enlargement of worldly poſſeſſions, will have their termination. Whilſt Man is upon the Earth, he is unſatiable in

his coveting earth, and thinks he hath never enough of it. His heart is like the daughter of the Horse-leech, still crying, *Give, give*, and is never satisfied. As *Juvenal* speaks of *Alexander*:

Pileo juveni vix totus sufficit orbis.

The whole World was not enough to quench the thirst of his ambitious Humour; yea some say, he Wept, because there were no more worlds to Conquer. Oh! But when he comes to the *Grave*, he is then confined to his breadth and length, and uncapable of desiring any more; he is then bounded in his dimentions, without a thought of any enlargement. When we see the most covetous, or ambitious Man, going to the *Grave*; we may see, *in tanto*, a fulfilling of that Prophesy, *That the loftiness of Man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of Man shall be brought low*: (Though I know as to the full completion of it, it hath another tendency) for then his high Aspirations, and all his vain Expectations are at a *Ne plus ultra*; and he confined to a narrow scantling of room in this *Long Home*. Oh! consider this, you, whose greedy minds are never satisfied with terrene fruitions; but are always craving and grasping after more; that are contriving how to add *house to house*, and *lay field to field, till there be no place*; that are sweating and toyling, journying and travelling, and taking a world of pains to increase the Store of your so much adored earthly Treasure. Remember, I beseech you, there is no buying or selling, no trading or traffiquing in the *Grave*: No bettering, or making finer or larger your accomodations there: The poorest *Codrus* hath as much room, as much conveniency in this dark Region, as the richest *Cresus*. For this is the *Home* where every Man hath enough to serve him, and is confined to the dimentions of it.

Fourthly, God hath appointed the *Grave*, as Man's common, epidemical *home*. The place where all the Sons and Daughters of *Adam* must lye down together, of what nation or langnage, of what degree or quality soever they are. The small and the great, the good and the bad are there: There is no distinction of persons or conditions of men in that Climate. The most glorious Saint hath no more priviledge, or better entertainment in the *Grave*, than the worst of Sinners. *Job*, though he was a good Man, one that put his whole trust and confidence in God, & one that was beloved of his God; and therefore ascertain'd of his Souls possessing the Mansion of eternal Glory: yet as to his Body, he knew that must

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fare as the reſt of the world did. Hence we find him claiming kindred with the natives of that Country below, whither he was going: *I have ſaid to corruption, thou art my Father, and to the worm, thou art my Mother and my Siſter.* And again, *Though after my skin worms deſtroy this body, yet in my fleſh ſhall I ſee God.* Though he was ſo excellent a Saint, and had ſo pure a Soul; yet his Body was corruptible, and muſt become food for worms. We read of two (and but two) bodies of *Adam*'s Line, that were carried immediately from Earth to Heaven, without ſtopping at the *Grave* with the reſt of their Brethren: The one was *Enoch*, of whom it is ſaid, *He was not*, for God took him: The other was *Elijah*, who who in a *Chariot of Fire*, with *Fiery-horſes*, was drawn up from beſide the River *Jordan*, to the New *Jeruſalem*, the holy Hill of *Zion*, to be for ever with God, and *With the Spirits of juſt Men made perfect.* The very Body of our *Lord Jeſus* (for the abſolute conquering of Death, and full compleating the work of our Redemption) was neceſſitated to go down into the *Grave*; though not to corrupt and periſh there. For *David* perſonating him, thus prophetically ſpake——*Thou wilt not leave my Soul* (taken here figuratively for the outward Man) *in Hell*, (that is the *Grave*, for ſo *Sheol* ſignifieth) *Neither wilt Thou ſuffer thy holy One to ſee Corruption.* Implying, that all other bodies muſt ſee corruption; under whatever circumſtances they may be conſidered; when they come to this common *home*, this general receptacle of the *Grave*. For, as all muſt lye down, and take up their dwelling there together; ſo all muſt periſh, and rot, and be conſumed there; and that from the ſame cauſe, and after the ſame manner. The *Grave* is a common *home* for the wicked in Judgment, it is their Jail, where they are kept ſafe till the great and general Aſſizes of the *Day of Judgment*; when the laſt *Trumpet* will ſound, and the *Ecco* of it will be heard from the one end of the Earth to the other, with this doleful Summons; *Ariſe ye Dead, and come to Judgment.* When the Viſion of *John* will be made good to a tittle; *And I ſaw a great white Throne, and him that ſate on it, from whoſe Face the Earth and Heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I ſaw the Dead, ſmall and great, ſtand before God, and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the Book of Life, and the Dead were judged out of thoſe things that were written in the Book according to their Works. And the Sea gave up the Dead which were in it,*

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and Death and Hell (that is the Grave) *delivered up the Dead which were in them, and they were Judged every Man according to their Works.* And the effect of this great Tryal, and dreadful Appearance, will be, the Bodies of the wicked ſhall be ſent to Hell, as well as their Souls, and be Tormented there for ever: God can, and for the glorifying of his Juſtice, he will Condemn both Body and Soul to Hell-fire at laſt. Thoſe Ears that have been always open to let in the Air of obſcenity, and tickled with delight in the helliſh muſick of prophane Language, ſhall then be terrified with the doleful *Howlings, and Cryings, and Gnaſhing of Teeth*, that will there be in an horrible manner among the wreached Miſcreants. Thoſe Eyes that have been as Windows to let in Luſt, and all manner of wantonneſs, and filthineſs into the Soul, ſhall then be puniſhed with beholding the ghaſtly Looks of affrightning Devils, that will be continually ſtaring the damned in the Face. Thoſe Tongues that have been the Bellows of the Devil, blown into from Hell, always imploy'd in belching forth horrid Oaths, blaſpheming their Creator; or thundring out direful Execrations, curſing the Creature; and that without either ſhame or remorſe ſhall then be miſerably ſcorched in that inextinquiſhable Fire, which there burneth Day and Night. In a word, thoſe Bodies that here have been veſſels of uncleaneſs, members of an harlot, receptacles of all prophaneſs, ſhall then be rowling on fiery Pillars in thoſe everlaſting Burnings, in thoſe devouring Flames, which the Breath of the Lord hath kindled; when that amazing, and ſoul-confounding Sentence is pronounced upon them, by the Mouth of the righteous Judge himſelf, *Depart from me ye Curſed, into everlaſting Fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels.* But now the *Grave* is a common home to the Saints, and People of God in Mercy; it is the place where their Bodies are clarify'd, and refined from all droſs and corruption, and ſo made fit for Glory. Oh! what a glorious Morning, what a joyful bleſſed day will that of the Reſurrection be, to All that ſleep in Chriſt! For then, with their bodily Eyes, ſhall they behold their Saviour, and in the re-union of their Bodies, with their Souls, ſhall they be for ever with him; hearing him ſpeaking in that ſoul-reviving, ſoul-refreſhing, yea, ſoul-raviſhing Language to them; *Come ye bleſſed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you, from the Foundation of the World.* Then the Body, that is

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now τὸ σῶμα τῆς ταπεινώσεως a body of meanneſs; or a low abject vile Body, by reaſon of its corruption; ſhall in that day become τὸ σῶμα τῆς δόξης a Body of Glory; for it will be changed, and made like unto the glorious Body of the Lord Jeſus, and in conformity to that Glory put on, *Stolam immortalitatis. the Garment of immortality.* The dead bodies of Saints ſhall live; yea, together with the dead Body of Chriſt ſhall they ariſe: They ſhall awake, and ſing, though now they dwell in the Duſt; for their Dew, is as the *Dew of Herbs*; and the Earth ſhall give them up as the *Lord's Dead.* Now then, if the *Grave* be Man's proper home, his ſeltled home, his confined home, and his common home: Ah! How ſhould all of us, whether rich or poor, high or low, old or young, be familiarizing this home to our ſelves, as that which we muſt all come to. Oh Sirs! Methinks you ſhould have ſerious and awful thoughts of your ghaſtly paleneſs, your loathſome blackneſs, and your habitations in the dark. And ſo I paſs from the *Dying Man's Deſtiny*——*He goes to his Long Home: To the Living Man's Duty*——He ought to be a *Mourner in the Street:* I told you, in the *Doctrine*, there was a *Mourning*, due from the *Survivers*, to the *Deceaſed*; I ſhall now labour to make it appear; and that upon a four-fould account.

Firſt, *Naturally*, There is a natural Obligation to *Mourn*, when any Man goes to his *Long Home*; and ſurely they are very unnatural, that do not pay it.

Firſt, For that, they that *Live*, are of the ſame Mould with them that *Dye*. All are made, and compoſed of the ſame periſhing Earth. Hence *David* ſpeaks not only of himſelf, but of all Men, when he inſcribes *Vanity* on them, *Pſalm.* 39. *ver.* 5, 6. *Behold thou haſt made my Days as an hand's breath, and my Age is as nothing before Thee, verily every Man at his beſt eſtate is altogether Vanity. Surely every Man walketh in a vain ſhow, ſurely they are diſquieted in vain; He heapeth up Riches, and knoweth not who ſhall enjoy them.* Here is a general Rule without any exception, that every Man, be he never ſo great, or high, or rich, or wiſe, or learned in the world; and that in his beſt eſtate, take him under what circumſtances you will, is *Vanity*; yea, altogether *Vanity:* a poor crazy, empty, evanid thing. Now, when Man, that is ſo vain, ſo periſhing in his own Nature, ſees one of

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the ſame Mould, with himſelf, carrying to the *Grave*, to be placed in his *Long Home*; the Law of Nature exacts a tribute of Tears from him (though he had no particular acquaintance with, or obligation to the perſon deceaſed) becauſe he beholds a crumbling away, and a fading of that Earth, whereof himſelf is made; at which, Nature cannot but have a reluctancy, and vent its ſympathetical Paſſion. But as the Apoſtle ſpeaks of ſome Monſters in *filthineſs*, and *uncleaneſs*, that they did that which is *againſt Nature*; ſo we may ſee many ſo hardned in ſtupidity, that contrary unto nature, they are not affected with, or concerned at the Death, or going to the *Grave*, of almoſt any perſon.

Secondly, There is a natural Obligation on the Living to *Mourn* for the *Dead*; for that Death is the thing which every Man in the world hath deſerved; as being lineally deſcended from *Adam*, who brought Death into the World, and inſlaved not only himſelf, but all his poſterity unto its power. So ſaith the Apoſtle, *Rom.* 5. *ver.* 12. *Wherefore, as by one Man, Sin entered into the World, and Death by Sin, and ſo Death paſſed upon all Men, for that all have Sinned.* Had *Adam* never ſinned, *Adam* had never dyed; but *in illo die* (ſaith God) *in that day thou eateſt the Fruit thereof, thou ſhalt ſurely dye*; *or* (as it is in the Original) *dying, thou ſhalt dye*. And indeed, as he devolved *Guilt*, ſo he entailed death (the ſad conſequence of that *Guilt*) upon all that ſhould come after him unto the end of the World. Oh! therefore, how natural would ſuch a reflection as this be, at the news of any Mortals fall by the ſtroke of Death, or at the ſight of any deceaſed perſon, going to his *Long Home*.——I am a Child of *Adam* as well as he, and in the guilt and pollution of his original Diſobedience was I ſhaped, and ſubjected, to all the Miſeries that attended that iniquity, did my Mother conceive me, and bring me forth: And ſurely I have added to the ſtock of original Corruption, multitudes, innumerable multitudes of actual Tranſgreſſions; and therefore I have every way merited Death, and deſerved to be impriſoned in the Dungeon of the *Grave*, as much as he that hath paſt through it, and is gone down before me into it. Should not I then be concerned at, and deeply affected with what hath befallen him. The extremity of pain that he was in, the wearyſome nights that he enjoyed, the tumblings and toſſings that he under-went, the bitter

bitter diſtreſs and anguiſh that poſſeſſed his Soul, which enforced thoſe doleful ſighs and ſobs, thoſe heart-fetcht-groans and ſhrikes from his dying Breaſt, are all things that I, in the ſame (if not in a greater) meaſure have deſerved. Oh! then that my *Head were Waters*, and my *Eyes a Fountain of Tears*, that I could mourn and weep, and truly lament at this *Mournful* Spectacle; and that from this conſideration, that as he (the object of Mortality before my Eyes) is deprived of life, and all the comforts of it; as he is ſnatcht away from all his Friends and Relations; as he (of a living Man) is become a lump of dead Clay, a piece of rotten putrifying Fleſh, fit for nothing but to feed worms in the *Grave*, even ſo have I moſt juſtly merited in the like manner to be; nothing hath befallen him, but what is due to me.

Thirdly, There is a natural Obligation on the *Living* to *Mourn* for the *Dead*, for that there is no living perſon, but muſt come to it himſelf. Death is a debt we muſt all pay to Nature. *Job* ſpeaks of Man indefinitely, thereby including every Man in what capacity ſo ever he is, *Chap.* 14. *ver.* 2. *He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth alſo as a ſhadow, and continueth not.* And we are elſewhere told, that, *All fleſh is graſs, and the glory thereof as the flower of the field; the graſs withereth, the flower fladeth*; even ſo, when the Hand of God is upon Man, upon any Man; he maketh his Beauty to conſume away like a Moth; for that every Man is *Vanity*, *Selah.* We have an Interrogation concerning this, which implies a vehement Negation (for ſo the Scripture often expreſſeth it ſelf) *Pſal.* 89. *ver.* 48. *What Man is he that liveth, and ſhall not ſee Death, ſhall he deliver his Soul from the hand of the Grave, Selah.* That is, there is no Man living, but muſt ſee Death, and come into the dominion of the *Grave*. Now, if Death be thus common to every Man, then every Man ought certainly to be affected, when he ſees another under the power of it. Would it not I pray you, argue more than ordinary ſtupidity and ſenceleſneſs, in that Malefactor, that beholding a Partner in Guilt, and Condemnation with himſelf, dying a ſhameful painful Death, according to the Sentence of the Law; the which Death he himſelf muſt undergo the day following; and yet not to be concerned at ſuch a ſpectacle, ſo much as to ſhed a Tear, or manifeſt any meltings of Heart at ſo doleful a ſight. Oh! How unnaturally hard-hearted would you ſay this Man was. Why, Sirs, this is our very caſe; we

are all real Malefactors before God, condemned by him to death, to the same death, and sooner or later we must be laid on our sick Beds, the common place of Execution; and when we see any in pain and misery there before us: Oh! we should remember it will be our turn ere long. Do we see a dying Man in a languishing departing condition, fetching his last sigh, heaving for his last groan, and giving up his last breath: Oh! we should sadly reflect upon our selves, as that Father of whom I have read, did at the sight of any Coffin—*Ille hodie, ego cras. He is gone to day, and so may I to morrow*, or to be sure must go one day or other; then which, nothing is more certain.

Fourthly, It is not corrupted, but refined Nature, that especially enforces this duty of *Mourning* for the *Dead*; and the more Nature is purged, the more it is enlivened in the regular performance of this Work. We find the Spirit of God inciting, and calling upon Men solemnly to do it, *Jer.* 9. *ver.* 17, 18. *Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, Consider ye, and call for the mourning Women, that they may come, and send for cunning Women, that they may come. And let them make haste, and take up a wailing for us, that our Eyes may run down with Tears, and our Eye-lids gush out with Waters.* Why, What is the matter? what is the cause there should be such a great general Mourning? *ver.* 21. *For Death is come up into our windows, & is entered into our palaces, to cut off the Children from without, and the young Men from the streets.* Oh! When Death is taking its range about the streets, it is an especial time for Mourners to be there; to manifest a real Mourning, under such a dispensation; to put on Ashes for Beauty, and instead of the Garment of Joy, to be cloathed with the Spirit of Heaviness. Religion doth not hinder any natural act, it only regulates the mode, and refines the end of the performance. It doth not hinder natural love, it only teacheth us how to love innocently; nor doth it hinder natural sorrow, it only guides us how to sorrow profitably. As Divines say, Though *Religion* be above reason, yet it is not contrary to reason; so though it be an enemy to all vitious, corrupt motions of nature, yet it obligeth no person to be unnatural: that is, to fail in doing those things which the principals of natural being do require, as necessary to the demonstration of its being; but rather provokes to a lively, and regular doing of them. And surely this duty under our present consideration, is that which

the ſpirit of a Man dictates to him, though in a dark miſtaken way; and the Spirit of God ſuggeſts to him, in a right, ſafe, juſtifiable way. That there is a time to *Mourn*, is paſt diſpute, ſince the Word of Truth ſpeaks it; and that a Funeral Solemnity (or ſeeing Man go to his *Long Home*) is ſuch a time, is alſo out of doubt, ſince the Word of Truth enjoyns it. Hence we may warrantably, and not uncharitably conclude, That Man, void of Reaſon or Religion, of Nature or Grace, yea of Love to God or Man, that brings not a Mourning-heart along with him to the *Houſe of Mourning*.

Secondly, *Relatively*; There is a relative obligation upon the living, to Mourn for the dead; which Relation, either in a more large or ſtrict ſence, takes in the whole Race of Mankind.

Firſt, For that all men are related in *Adam*, as ſpringing from his Loyns. Though men are now diſtinguiſhed into many ſorts of Nations, and divers Kinds and Manners of perſons; yet they all come from the ſame Root, the ſame Off-ſpring; all Children of the ſame Father, of the ſame Mother: So we are told, *Gen.* 3. *ver.* 20. *And* Adam *called his Wives name* Eve, *becauſe ſhe was the Mother of all Living*. All the vaſt numberleſs multitudes of People throughout the Univerſe, that have been, or ſtill are in the World, came originally from her Womb. She is the Parent from whence ſo many Millions of Souls may derive their pedigree. The higheſt, and moſt certain degree of Relation in natures Climax. Methinks then we ſhould not be ſo unmindful of our primitive Extraction, as to be wholly unconcerned at the departure of one of the ſame Race with our ſelves. There is none ſo remote from us in Country or Acquaintance, but he is near to us; yea, related to us, *Secundum eſſe*, as he is a Son of *Adam*. And can we afford never a tear, never a ſigh, never a compaſſionate ſob to accompany ſuch an one (be he who he will, or what he will) to his *Long Home*. Ah! This ſigns we are hardned againſt our own Fleſh; and that we ſhamefully forget the Father that begat us, and the Mother of whom we are all Born. Oh! what a debauched, abominable Age do we live in; wherein Men are ſo fenceleſs, and horridly ſtupid; ſo intoxicated with Inſts and Vanities, ſo bewitched to the Allurements of the World, & ſo ſeared in their evil ways and courſes; that Death (though it be even at their doors) is diſregarded by them; and the

going to the *Grave* of others (though their very Neighbours) is a thing they take no notice of, nor in the leaſt *Mourn* for; ſo long as they have their ſtrength and health, to drink and ſwear, and indulge themſelves in their luſts and pleaſures; they care not who are Sick, or who Dye, or who go to the *Grave*, it is all one to them. Truly ſuch perſons are ſo far from being like Chriſtians, that they are ten thouſand times worſe than Heathens. Oh! how will the *Egyptians* riſe up in Judgment againſt the Men of this Generation, and condemn them for their melting and mourning Deportment at the Funeral of good old *Jacob* (notwithſtanding he was of another Nation and Religion) when they came to the Threſhing-floor of *Arad*, which is beyond *Jordan*; 'tis ſaid, they Mourned with a very great and ſore Lamentation: inſomuch, that the place was called *Abel-Mizraim*, the *Mourning of the Egyptians*. But ah! How little Mourning is there found amongſt us, upon ſuch occaſions!

Secondly, As there is a Relation in the firſt *Adam*, wherein all are concerned; ſo there is a Relation in the ſecond *Adam*, wherein not a few are tied, and obliged to be concerned one for another, eſpecially at ſo great a change, as that of Death. Now this Relation, is either more Large, or more Strict: More Large; and ſo all, that own Jeſus Chriſt the Son of God, to be come in the Fleſh, are within the reach of it, who are therefore called by one general and Catholick name, *Chriſtians*. But more Strictly; and ſo it is reſtrained peculiar to Believers; who by the ſame work of Grace, are made true Members of the Church-militant, and by the ſame act of Faith, are expecting the glory of the Church-triumphant: Who are engaged in the ſame cauſe, Souldiers under the ſame Banner, Wreſtlers againſt the ſame Enemy, even Principalities and Powers, and ſpiritual Wickedneſſes in high places: Who are fighting the ſame Battle, Runners of the ſame Race, Purſuers after the ſame Crown, even that which is incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth not away: Who are Inheritors of the ſame Promiſe, Fellow-heirs of the ſame Kingdom, Waiters for the ſame Adoption, to wit, the Redemption of the Body: Who are Profeſſors of the ſame Faith, Believers in the ſame Chriſt; Experiencers of the ſame happineſs in the glimpſes of *Zion's* glory, and the fore-taſte of the Joys of the Life to come. In a word, who are under the ſame Tye, confirmed by the ſame Seals, bound by the ſame Covenant

nant to live according to the Rule, and in the Fellowſhip of the Goſpel. This Relation is ſo near, ſo great, ſo obligatory, that the Apoſtle calls it τὴν ἀδελφότητα, the Brotherhood, or a company of Brothers. As all Men are Brothers in *Adam*, naturally; ſo Believers are Brothers in Chriſt, ſpiritually; and this nearneſs in Relation, ſhould certainly cauſe a *Mourning*, when Death makes a Separation. Oh! when a Godly Man goes to his *Long Home*, then Godly-Mourning ſhould *Go about the Streets*; for that there is a great Loſs, and will be a real want of his Prayers, his Tears, his Holy Converſe, and the good he might farther have done in the World. Upon this account, *Eliſhah* Mourned for *Elijah*, and ſent his loud Acclamations of Sorrow to Heaven after him, when he was taken up from him——*My Father, my Father, the Chariots of* Iſrael *and the Horſemen thereof*. This made the *Epheſians* Mourn ſo dolefully at *Paul*'s departure, becauſe they were never to ſee him again. So ſaith the Text——*And they all wept ſore, and fell on* Pauls *Neck and kiſſed him*. Sorrowing moſt of all for the words that he ſpake, that they ſhould *See his Face no more: Paul* was their ſpiritual Father, that had begotten them to God; and therefore they could not but *Mourn*, to think of parting with ſo dear a Relation; eſpecially ſince it was to be an eternal Farewel. How! muſt they never ſee his Face more; never hear the ſound of that golden Trumpet more, that had been ſo charming to their Ears; yea, ſo raviſhing to their Souls. Oh! This ſtrained up their Sorrow to the higheſt Peg; this made them *Mourn*, with a Mourning truly Mournful. And we read, *Acts* 8. *ver.* 2. *And devout Men carried* Stephen *to his Burial, and made great Lamentation over him. Steven* was their brother, and companion in the Faith, Patience, and Tribulation of the Goſpel; and therefore they looked on themſelves obliged to *Mourn bitterly*, and *Lament ſorely*, when he went to his *Long Home*. But alas! there is little of this Sorrow in theſe days; wherein Iniquity doth ſo much abound, and the Love of ſo many waxes cold to every good Work. There is no *Mourning* in the Streets of our *Jeruſalem*, no *Lamenting* in the City of our *Zion*, when the Godly Man ceaſeth, when the Faithful fail from among the Children of Men. The Prophets complaint was, verily never more juſt and pertinent, than now——*The Righteous periſheth, and no Man layeth it to heart, and Merciful Men are taken away, none conſidering that the Righteous is taken away from the Evil to come.*

Thirdly,

Thirdly, There is a Relation by Affinity, which obligeth Men to *Mourn* at the Departure (or going to their *Long Home*) of any ſo Related to them. This Relation is by Marriage; or joyning Families that were remote, and wholly unacquainted by *Hymens* bands together. Thus *Hamor* and *Shechem* deſired, That themſelves and all their Citizens, might be Related to the Family of *Jacob*, when they communed with him in the Gate——*Theſe Men are peaceable with us, therefore let them dwell in the land, and trade therein; for the land,——Behold, it is large enough for them, let us take their Daughters to us for Wives, and let us give them our Daughters.* As if they had ſaid, Let us contract a Relation by making interchangeable Marriages; that ſo we may be near to them, and better acquainted with them. And ſurely in the compaſs of this Relation, it ought to be a ſenſible Affliction, when Death is Marring the Glory of their Society, and breaking the Hedge of their Unity, by taking one away. This was the cauſe of the *Mourning* of *Orpah*, and *Ruth*, at the parting with their Mother *Naomy*, who was indeed their Mother but by Marriage, *Ruth* 1. *ver.* 14. *And they lift up their voice, and wept again*; *and* Orpah *kiſſed her Mother, but* Ruth *clave unto her.* They could not think of a Farewel, without powering out floods of Tears. Nay, ſo ſtrong were *Ruth*'s Affections, that when it came to the pinch, ſhe would not leave her; But was reſolved to accompany her in all her Travels and Troubles, whatever ſhe ſhould undergo, or meet with for it; and therefore ſhe told her——*Thy God ſhall be my God, and thy People ſhall be my People, where thou goeſt, I will go, where thou dyeſt, I will dye, and there will I be buried.* Now, as *Solomon* ſayes——*Go to the Ant thou ſluggard, conſider her ways, and be wiſe.* So I ſay in this caſe, Go to this *Moabitiſh*-Woman, thou hard-hearted Chriſtian (that canſt with dry Eyes, and a ſottiſh Spirit, behold a Relation entombed in the Earth) conſider the depth of her Affection, the pureneſs of her Love, the tenderneſs of her Heart, and be Religiouſly Wiſe in knowing how to carry it under a parting-diſpenſation. Oh! remember that as there may be an innocent and lawful Mirth, when Relations firſt meet, to begin their acquaintance, or contract their proximity together; ſo there ought to be a *Mourning* in a moderate way, when there is any parting or ſeparation by the hand of Death.

Fourthly, There is a Relation by Conſanguinity, which not only

It obliges, but enforces Tears from the Eyes of all perſons (unleſs unnatural bruits) accompanying any ſo related to them, to their *Long Home*. This Relation comes not only by a general deduction from *Adam*, but by a more near and immediate alliance, and conjunction in Blood; whereby they become *Bone of one Bone*, and *Fleſh of one Fleſh*. Such is the Relation between Husband and Wife, Parents and Children, Brothers and Siſters, *&c.* Now what Husband can forbear Tears, when his dear Wife is ſnatched out of his Arms, by Death; when the delight of his Eyes is taken away with a ſtroak. Who can then but imitate affectionate *Abram*, of whom it is ſaid, *Gen.* 23. *ver.* 2. *And* Sarah *dyed in* Kiriath-Arba; *the ſame is* Hebron, *in the land of* Canaan, *and* Abram *came to Mourn for* Sarah, *and to Weep for her*. She was the companion of his youth, the wife of his delights; the mother of his *Iſaac*, yea the better half of himſelf; and therefore he could not but *Weep*, when ſhe was gone from him. What Wife can refrain *Mourning*, when her beloved Husband is going down into the ſhades of Death, and ſhe to be left a poor deſolate, diſconſolate Widow, as *Naomi* and her two Daughters in the land of *Moab* were: And how can poor Parents keep in Sorrow, when they ſee Death preying upon the Children of their Bowels, and confining their tender Limbs to the cold *Grave*. Hence we find *David* giving vent to his paſſion, for the Death of *Abſolom*, in this pathetical Exclamation, 2 *Sam.* 18. *ver.* 33. *And the King was much moved, and went up to the Chamber over the Gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he ſaid, O my Son* Abſolom, *my Son, my Son* Abſolom, *would God I had dyed for thee: O* Abſolom *my Son, my Son.* Indeed Divines conjecture the reaſon of *David*'s ſo great *Mourning*, was the fear of *Abſolom*'s miſcarrying, as to his eternal State; his doubt that it was not well with his Soul; he dying in a ſtate of Rebellion, both againſt his earthly and heavenly Father. Though this might have ſome impreſſion on *David*'s Heart, yet queſtionleſs 'twas Nature it ſelf drew out his Sorrow, from this very conſideration, that he was his Son, and there needs no other to enforce a *Mourning*. From this ſprung that Voice of Lamentation, and Weeping, and great Mourning, which was heard in *Ramah*, poor *Rachels* pittifully Weeping for their Children, and refuſing to be Comforted, *Becauſe they were not*. And then reciprocally, what Children can be ſo hard-hearted, ſo ſtony-ſpirited, as not to wait upon their Parents

rents Coffins with Tears to the *Grave*. When *Jacob* was gathered to his Fathers, and had yielded up the Ghoſt in a good old Age, we read that his Son *Joſeph* fell upon his *Face, and wept upon him, and kiſſed him*. And truly this *Mourning* is but an expreſſion of Love; and where it is not, we may ſafely infer, that thoſe perſons had no love, no affection at all for their Relations, when alive.

Thirdly, *Morally*; There is an obligation (which none that pretend to any principles of Morality will diſown) upon the *Living* to Mourn for the *Dead*.

Firſt, For that a Man is loſt by Death. As to the enjoyment of him, and ſociety with him, he is periſhed from among Men. Now Man being a ſociable, delightful Creature, the Loſs of him is conſiderable, and ought to be laid to heart, by all that ſurvive him. Man is to be lookt upon as the chief peice of Workmanſhip in the Creation; the glory of all the Works of God in the lower Region. So wonderfully was he made, ſo ſtrangely was he faſhioned, ſo excellently was he adorned, that the good Angels admired him, and the Bad envyed him; which was the occaſion of their Fall, as ſome learned Writers have ſuppoſed. And what God ſpeaks of forming the World in general, we way apply to the Creating of Man in particular; with reſpect to the excellency of the Work, when he was preſented on the Theatre of the World. How did the Morning Stars, in that day, ſing together, and how did all the Sons of God ſhout for joy. And ſurely the Diſſolution of Man affords as much cauſe of ſorrow, as his Making did of gladneſs; eſpecially conſidering that it is in Scripture, called, a deſtroying of him. *Thou turneſt Man into deſtruction, and then thou ſayſt, Return again ye Children of Men.* When Man is in the midſt of his honour, in the height of his glory, in the greateſt of his power; in a moment, in the twinckling of an Eye, he may be daſhed in pieces, and be deſtroyed from off the Earth; for by the blaſt of God he periſheth, and by the breath of his Noſtrils he is conſumed. One ſmall puff blows him away, and he is no more to be heard of, as though he had never been. And ſhould not this be matter of grief and lamentation to the Living, to ſee ſo excellent a Creature as Man, deprived of his Being, bereaved of his Breath, ſtript of his Enjoyments, and all his Glory to be laid in the Duſt. Ah! What Eye can behold ſuch a ſight, what Ear can hear of ſuch

a thing, and not be deeply affected with it, and Heart-pricked with ſorrow at it. Oh! How was our bleſſed Lord Jeſus concerned, how Mournfully was he touched, when he heard the tydings of *Lazarus* deceaſe, though he was determined, & very well knew how to raiſe him up, and bring him to Life again. Pray hear what is ſaid of him, *John* 11. *ver.* 33. *When Jeſus therefore ſaw her weeping, and the* Jews *alſo weeping which came with her, he groaned in the Spirit, and was troubled.* Here are two words in the Greek, and both emphatical, ἐνεβριμήσατο τῷ πνεύματι; he *roared*, or *cried* out in the Spirit. That is, he Mourned inwardly, and Lamentably, at the loſs of *Lazarus*. Again, καὶ ἐτάραξεν ἑαυτὸν, He vehemently troubled or diſturbed himſelf. He was mightily affected with the change Death had made in that Family, which he had ſo great and peculiar a Love for. Our Saviour ſhewed this great example of Morality, that he might modeſtly, and moderately expreſs the ſentiments of Grief, which we ought to have at the departure of Man, from the Land of the Living.

Secondly, For that when a Man goes to his *Long Home*, all the pleaſure in his ſociety is dead with him; nothing remains of it, but the remembrance which ſerves only to aggravate, and heighten the Grief of the Surviver. 'Twas a true ſaying of one——*Aura ſecunda bonus ſocius.* A good companion is as a proſperous Gale, carrying a Man pleaſantly, and with comfort, through the Tempeſtuous Sea of this World. And again——*Bonum ſodalitium optimum ſolatium. Good Company is the beſt ſolace:* Indeed, ſuitable *ſociety* is the comfort of Life, the improvement of parts, the joy of the Intellect, the only diſtinguiſhing Priviledge that gives the Preference to Men above Beaſts. Take away this, and what happineſs is it to be a Man, or what is humane Life any thing to be accounted of. But when Man is dead, there can be no more delight in him, or comfort received by *ſociety* with him. There is no converſe in the ſhades below, no interlocution in thoſe gloomy Regions. The Grave is a ſilent houſe, where the Eyes of all the Inhabitants are cloſed in the Duſt, and their Mouths filled with cold Clay. And therefore this ſhould cauſe *Mourning in the Streets*, when we ſee a Man going to his *Long Home* (eſpecially ſuch a Man whom we have had any intimacy with) becauſe we ſhall never have the opportunity of enjoying any pleaſant hours with him, or delighting our ſelves in the Spiknard of his friendſhip, which was

wont to ſend forth ſo fragrant a ſmell. We muſt then bid farewel to all diſcourſing upon any ſubject, to all adviſing about any difficulties, to all profiting by any Polemick Notions ſtarted and improved in an amicable way. In a word, we muſt bid an eternal Adieu to any pleaſure or ſatisfaction we received in communing with him, for we ſhall enjoy no more of it for ever. Oh! ſurely this cannot but cut deep in a generous Soul; this cannot but greatly wound a ſpirit, whoſe thoughts are drained from the droſs of *Plebeian* converſation, that has any eſteem at all for the advantages of a rational Life. Upon this account it was, that the old Prophet in *Bethel*, Lamented over the Man of God which came from *Judah*, who was ſlain by a Lyon, as he rode upon an Aſs in the High-way. He bitterly Bewailed, and Mourned for his Death, crying out——*Ah! alas my Brother*. As if he had ſaid, I have been extreamly refreſhed by thy company, in hearing the Word of the Lord from thy Mouth, concerning the deſtruction of the Prieſts that burn Incenſe upon the Altar, and the pulling down the Houſe of *Jereboam*. Oh! *How have I been ſtrengthned in my Courage, confirmed in my Faith, and the more reſolved in the Ways of God, by this thy Propheſy. But now thou art gone, I ſhall never have any more of this profitable and ſpiritual Diſcourſe with thee*. This made him Weep over his torn Carcaſs, and bitterly Lament his untimely Fall, and to give a ſolemn Charge to his Sons, that when he was Dead, they ſhould Bury him in the Sepulchre wherein this Man of God was Buried, and lay his Bones cloſe by the Bones of this Prophet.

Thirdly, For that when a Man *Dyes*, and goes to his *Long Home*, he is paſt doing any more good; or being any farther ſerviceable in his Generation. There is no praiſing or praying in the *Grave*, or any remembrance of God or Man. As the Tree falls by Death, it will lye till Judgment, without bringing forth any fruit at all. Whilſt Man is in the Land of the Living, he is capable of doing ſome good; or being uſeful in that place and condition wherein God hath ſet him. But when Death cuts him off; his day of opportunity is at an end, and the night is come upon him, in which he cannot work, nor do any more as he hath done. And therefore there is juſt cauſe of Mourning and Lamenting at his Deceaſe. Thus the Widows of *Joppa* Bewailed the Death of *Tabitha*, a *Woman full of good Works, and Alms-deeds*, which

which ſhe had done, Acts 9. ver. 39. *Then* Peter *aroſe and went with them; when he was come, they brought him into the upper Chamber; and all the Widows ſtood by him Weeping, and ſhewing the Coats and Garments which* Dorcas *made while ſhe was with them.* By which they commended her Charity, and bitterly Bewailed her fatal *Exit.* The thoughts of parting with ſuch a Woman, who was ſo charitable, ſo uſeful; even broke their Hearts with Sorrow, and diſſolved their Eyes with Tears. They brought the *Garments* to view (which ſhe had made to cloath the Backs of the Naked with) and ſet them before *Peter*, and the reſt that accompanied him, to juſtify the ground of their *Mourning*; or rather, to heighten the Paſſion of their *Sorrow*, from this ſadning conſideration, that ſhe was ever uncapable of making any more; that the Poor were never like to be the better for her again; They could not but *Mourn*, that ſhe was ſo ſoon taken off from proſecuting the many good projects ſhe had in her Head and Heart, of being uſeful to the Poor, and them that were in Diſtreſs. Ah, Sirs! when we ſee a Man going to his *Grave*, we may ſadly cry out, *He will never, he can never do any more good*; His opportunity of glorifying his Creator, or of ſerving his fellow-Creature, is paſt and gone, and will never return again. It is impoſſible he ſhould be any farther ſerviceable in *Church* or *Common-Wealth*. And ſurely this ſhould enforce a *Mourning* from all, who take delight in, or are capable of receiving Comfort from the doing good of others. But it may be, you will ſay, there are many Men that do no good at all while they Live, but a great deal of harm; who are ſo far from being uſeful, that they are wholly unprofitable; yea, very prejudicial to God's honour, and Man's welfare in their Generation; That are a *Plague* to the place where their abode is, and a *Curſe* to all, whoſe unhappineſs it is to be near them. Now, ſhould we Mourn for them, ſhould we Grieve when they are taken out of the World; ſhould we go as *Mourners about the Streets*, when ſuch barren Trees are cut down, and carried to their *Long Home?* Yes, verily, we ſhould; becauſe, while a wicked Man is alive, there is hope, or at leaſt, a poſſibility of his Recovery from his wicked State; of his being waſhed and ſanctified in the Name of the Lord Jeſus, and by the Spirit of our God. But when he dyes, there is no poſſibility of his reclaiming, or being renewed to Repentance——for there is no work, no device, no invention (and I may add, no reformation)

formation) in the *Grave*, whither we are going.

Fourthly, For that when a Man *Dyes*, and goes to his *Long Home*, we ſhall never ſee him more: he vaniſhes (as it were) out of our ſight, and we are never more to behold him, or caſt our Eyes upon him. He is both actively and paſſively in an inviſible ſtate. So *Job* Mournfully ſpeaks of himſelf, *chap.* 7. *ver.* 7, 8. *Oh remember that my Life is wind, my Eyes ſhall no more ſee good. The Eye of him that hath ſeen me, ſhall ſee me no more; thy Eyes are upon me, and I am not.* What more cutting Expreſſion, what more ſadning Inculcation, what more provoking Incitation to *Mourning*, can there be, than the Sence of this; that we ſhall behold the Face of our beloved Friend (after his departure from us) no more! Were Man to Return, though after never ſo many Years abſence from his home, or continuance in the *Grave*: Were he to viſit his habitation again, and become the objective delight of his poor *Mourning* Friends and Relations, it might be ſome alleviation to their Grief, when he takes his journey to his *Long Home*. But Oh! What a prick to the Heart, what a ſtab to the Soul, what a deadning to the Spirits, what an inundation of Sorrow (like the opening of *Pandora*'s Box) is this lamentable Thought to an ingenious Man, that he muſt never, never, never more behold the Face of this or that Relation in this Region of Mortality; nor have any converſe with him on this ſide the Bank of Eternity! What Husband can think ſo of his Wife, and not melt? what Wife can have ſuch a thought of her Husband, and not faint? what Parent can conſider this, with reſpect to his Child, and not mourn? what Child can reflect upon the impoſſibility of ever ſeeing his Father or Mother more, and not be overwhelmed with grief? In a word, What Friend or Relation can ponder on ſuch an eternal Farewel, as is then given, and not be diſſolved into Tears; yea, and not to Mourning like the Mourning of *Hada-drimmon*, when Cloyſtered up in *Megiddo*'s Vale? It is the opinion of Divines, That the chiefeſt of the Saints happineſs, conſiſts in Viſion, or in the uſe of the viſive faculty, which will then be enlarged, and made glorious to perfection; for they ſhall ſee the Face of God in Righteouſneſs, and be ſatisfied with his likeneſs; they ſhall be for ever with open Face, beholding (as in a Glaſs) the Glory of the Lord, and be changed into the ſame Image, from Glory to Glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. Sure I am, the Saints greateſt com-

comfort in this World, consists in Vision, or beholding God's Image in his People; and that not only the work of his Power in their comely Features, but the work of his Grace in the divine Characters of Wisdom, engraven in their Souls, and immediately reflected upon in all their Actions. Therefore it cannot but cause Mourning, when such delightful Objects are removed out of sight, and never more to be beheld.

Fourthly, *Modifically*; There is a modifick Obligation upon the Living, to *Mourn* for the Dead; in respect of the manner of Mens Dying, or the circumstances they are under, in that great Hour.

First, For that Sickness is the Prologue of it; the Paleness of Death, is generally ushered in with the Pains and Sorrows of Sickness. Thus it was with the Child of the great *Shunamite*, that had so courteously entertained *Elisha*, and built a Chamber for him; Furnishing it with those Utensils, which she knew were most acceptable to a contemplative Man: In requital of which kindness, he promised her from God, a Child; and a Child she had, but it Dyed; but before it Dyed, it fell Sick, and was tormented with Pains. So we are told, 2 *King. chap.* 4. *ver.* 18, 19. *And when the Child was grown, it fell on a day that he went out to his Father, to the Reapers: And he said unto his Father, my Head, my head; and he said to a Lad, carry him to his Mother. And when he had taken him, and brought him to his Mother, he sate on her Knees till Noon, and then Dyed.* His Head first Aked, before his Breath Departed. And this is the usual way of Men's Dying; first to complain of some Disease in their Bodies, before there is a separation between that, and their Souls: One crys out of his Head, another of his Bowels; one is Sore-pained, another is Heart-sick upon his taking his leave of the World. And as the Apostle *Peter* speaks of the last times, *The Sun shall be turned into Darkness, and the Moon into Blood, before the great and notable Day of the Lord comes.* So it is most true in this case; Health shall be turned into Sickness, Strength into Weakness, Pleasure into Pain, Delight into Sadness, before the great and notable Day of Death comes. Which indeed (in it self considered, abstracted from the hopes of a future Being) is a day of Wrath; a day of Trouble and Distress, a day of Wastness and Desolation; a day of Darkness and Gloomyness; a day of Clouds and thick Darkness; a day of the Trumpet, and Alarum

against

againſt the fenced Cities, and againſt the high Tower. Now, who can behold a Friend in any pain, or under the power of any Diſtemper upon a ſick Bed, and not Grieve at it? What Object calls more for Pity and Commiſeration, yea for Grief and Lamentation, than a pained Heart-ſick-man, who cannot help himſelf, or receive Eaſe from any Application; eſpecially of that pain that precedes his Diſſolution; for

Contra vim mortis non eſt medicamen in hortis.

And as Diſtempers are coroding and tormenting in their Natures, ſo they are Multitudinous in their number. There are innumerable Diſeaſes that go before Death, that are as purſivants in the ſame Livery, warning the Sons of Men to be ready at Deaths approach according to the Poet,

Mille modis lethi miſeros mors una fatigat.

And as another well expreſſeth it,

Mille modis Morimur miſeri ſed Naſcimur uno.

There is but one way of our coming into the World; but a Thouſand, of our going out. 'Twas a *Curſe* upon Man after his *Fall*, that he ſhould live by the *Sweat of his Brow*, and the ſame Curſe hath entailed this miſery upon him, that he muſt Dye in the *Anguiſh of his Soul*. As he Lives in *Sweat*, ſo he Dyes in *Pain*; and this Pain cannot but enforce *Mourning* from all tender-hearted Spectators that are about him.

Secondly, For that a Dying-man, is really himſelf a Mourning-man. When Man is going to his *Long Home*, his Soul is clad with *Cypreſs*; his Spirits are drooping, and in a ſorrowful trembling poſture, he is waiting the finiſhing of Deaths laſt ſtroke: He lies groaning, and pitifully crying out on his ſick-bed; and with rowling-eyes, lifted-up hands, and panting breaſts; he ſighs, he ſobs, he dyes. And from this condition, good Men are no more exempted, than wicked, at their deaths; nay, we find the beſt of Men, even buried in Sorrow, in the day of his humiliation, when he was going to his Death, *Matth.* 26. *ver.* 38. *Then ſaith he unto them, my Soul is exceeding Sorrowful, even unto Death, tarry ye here, and watch with me.* Περίλυπός ἐστιν ἡ ψυχή μου ἕως θανάτου. The word ſignifies, *Fear on every ſide.* The faculties of his Soul were (as it were) beſet, and beſieged with Grief: Sorrow went round about him. Indeed, *Ariſtotle* would not own, that a Man of Spirit could be capable of ſuch a Sorrow; but 'twas his ignorance in the

the things of God, which made him think ſo: And our Saviour's ſorrowful poſture, is a ſufficient confutation of that Notion. Verily Sirs, when the terrors of Death (notwithſtanding the Sting of it is taken away) takes hold upon the moſt Heroick-ſpirited; yea, upon the moſt gracious qualified among the Sons of Men, it makes him preſently hang his Harp upon the Willow-tree, and hide his Face within the drawn Curtains; converting his Songs into Sighs, his Laughing into Mourning; and all his Rejoycing into heavy Groans; Emblematically be ſpeaking to all that are round about him, with a ſhaking head, and ghaſtly look, what *Job* did ſo paſſionately——*Have pity upon me, Oh ye my Friends, have pity upon me; for the Hand of God* (yea, the hand of Death) *hath touched me.* Help, help! O Wife! O Children! What ſhall I do; my Spirits are fainting, my Breath is going, my Soul is departing, and I muſt leave you all! And then turning, ſighs and ſobs to that ſorrowful Note of *Jobs, Oh that I were as in Months paſt, as in the day when God preſerved me: When his Candle ſhined upon my Head; and when by his Light I walked through Darkneſs: as I was in the dayes of my Youth, when the Secret of God was upon my Tabernacle.* Thus poor Man concludes the Tragick-Scene of his troubleſome Life, in breathing out ſuch doleful Epicediums. He came into the World, *Crying*, and he goes out, *Sighing*. He Crys the firſt thing he does, after he is Born, and he Sobs the laſt thing he does, before he Dyes. Now what Heart can be ſo obdurate, to behold Man expiring in the midſt of his Sighs, and not ſay, as *Thomas* ſaid of *Lazarus*——*Lord let us go, that we may Dye with him: So let me go and Sob with him, and bear him company in the bitter Agony he is now in.*

Thirdly, For the great change Death makes in the perſon Deceaſed; of an active lively Man, he is become a dead lump of Clay; ſo changed, and wholly altered in the Phyſiognomy, and outward appearance of the Body: that we may ſay with the Poet,

Qui color albus erat nunc eſt contrarius albo:

The Man that a day or two ago, lookt ſo freſh and fair, Oh how pale, how wan, how ghaſtly, how affrightning does he look now! The Man that was ſo pleaſant, ſo every way deſirable in his converſation a little while ago; how loathſome and deteſtable does he appear now; That it makes his deareſt Relations ſay of him, as *Abraham* ſaid of *Sarah*, *Gen.* 23. *ver.* 4. *I am a ſtranger*

and

and a ſojourner with you, give me a poſſeſſion of a Burying place with you, that I may Bury my Dead out of my ſight. Sad was the Change death made in *Sarah*, which enforced this ſo ſeeming unnatural Reſolution in *Abraham*, to put her out of his ſight. He could no longer look upon her, as his delightful Wife to ſleep in his Boſom; but as a rotten piece of Fleſh, that muſt be removed away. Man in his Coffin, is like a growing flower; how ſplendidly does it look, how fragrantly does it ſmell, whilſt upon the ſtalk; but no ſooner cropt, but it preſently fades, and in a few hours is trodden under foot, as dirt. So that we may ſay of him, as the Nations ſaid of the King of *Babylon*——*His Pomp is brought down to the* Grave, *and the noiſe of his Viols; the Worm is ſpread under him, and the Worms cover him:* Oh! Sirs, All Man's Pomp, his Beauty, his Glory is then withered away. And as it was ſaid of our Redeemer (in his ſtate of humiliation) *There is no form or comeline ſs to look upon him, nor no beauty in him, that we ſhould deſire him.* His Body is then a contemptible, deſpicable, abominable thing: Hence the Apoſtle makes uſe of theſe expreſſions of meanneſs, and contemptibleneſs, concerning man's going to his *Long Home*; elegantly ſhewing thereby, what his Body (under thoſe circumſtances) is; *It is ſown in corruption* ἐν φθορᾷ. in a ſtate of filthineſs and contamination: Again, *It is ſown in diſhonor* ἐν ἀτιμίᾳ, in a ſtate of ignominy and contempt: Again, *It is ſown in weakneſs,* ἐν ἀσθενείᾳ, in a ſtate of inability to withſtand the Power of Death. Once more, *It is ſown a natural Body,* σῶμα ψυχικὸν, A Body ſubjected to all the miſeries appertaining to, and entailed upon Apoſtate Nature. From all this, we may gather the proper deſcription of the Body, when it is prepared for, and carrying to the *Grave.* It is a filthy polluted, a baſe ignominious, a frail impotent, a rotting periſhing Body. This is the outward ſtate of every man, when Death has mow'd him down. And therefore we ſhould *Mourn* at ſo great and ſudden a Change: Though I confeſs our *Mourning* ſhould be in hope, with reſpect to the departure of the Godly: For though their Bodys be *Sown in corruption,* they will be *Raiſed in incorruption*; though *Sown in diſhonor,* they will be *Raiſed in glory*; though *Sown in weakneſs,* they will be *Raiſed in Power*; though *Sown natural,* they will be *Raiſed ſpiritual Bodys.* For their corruptible muſt put on incorruption, and their mortal muſt put on immortality; and then Death it ſelf ſhall be ſwallowed up in Victory. But the preſent

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change in their Bodies by Death, calls for a due Mourning from their Survivors.

Fourthly, For the great change and alteration Death makes in the place of the Deceased; the great Vacuum there is, when Man is removed, and carried away to his *Long Home*: Concerning which, *Job* excellently speaks, *chap.* 7. *v.* 9, 10, 11. *As the cloud is consumed, and vanisheth away: so he that goeth down to the* Grave, *shall come up no more. He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more. Therefore I will not refrain my Mouth, I will speak in the anguish of my Spirit, I will complain in the bitterness of my Soul.* Oh! It is very sad to consider what a great change one stroke of Death may make: A Wife Husbandless, poor Children Fatherless, Servants Masterless, and many Friends Comfortless: And so great is the alteration in the Family, that the whole House resents it, and seems silently to *Mourn* for it. There is (as it were) a Face of sadness in every place he was wont to be conversant in: Look in his Parlour, where he used to sit with his Wife, and Children about him, and there is nothing but a profound silence, his voice is not to be heard: Look at his Table, where he used to sit with chearfulness, eating his Bread with joy among his Relations, and the dull demeaner, and sorrowful posture of all the assessors, do plainly, yet dolefully speak; Behold, he is not here: Look in his Shop, where he used to be about his occasions; and the disorder and confusion there, proclaims aloud his being gone, and not to be heard of: In a word, Look in every place where he us'd to be, and you will find one mourning circumstance or other, a legible Historian of his departure, and being no more among them. So that, if you seek him, you will not find him; if you ask for him, you will hear no news. Now surely, methinks, the very miss of a Man in his Family, the want of him in his place, the great change immediately following his Departure in all his Affairs and Concerns, should be cause enough to enforce a *Mourning* from his Survivors, if there were no other consideration.

Thus I have shown you in what respects there is a *Mourning* due from the Surviving, to the Deceased; and why we ought to be *Mourners in the Street*, when we see a Man going to his *Long Home*; even from a Natural, Relative, Moral, Modifical consideration, obliging us thereunto.

I now pass from the Doctrinal, to the Applicatory part of this

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fad and ſolemn Truth: And the only uſe I ſhall make of it, ſhall be a word of Exhortation, to put this Duty in practiſe, now in the day and ſeaſon thereof. Never was an occaſion more doleful, than that which has brought us hither this day: Never was a Text more ſuitable than this, which is now to be applyed to the Occaſion. So that, what Application is to be made, will be, *Verbum diei in die ſuo, A word of day in its proper day.* Look Sirs, in yonder Coffin lies a Man known unto us, and beloved by us, ready to go (when we ſhall put our hands to carry him) to his *Long Home.* Oh! ſhould not we this day be as *Mourners in the Street.* Oh! that we could, our ſelves, as really evidence the Truth of the latter part of the words, in being *Mourners*, as our deceaſed Brother before us, has done of the former part, in going to his *Long Home.* Verily Sirs, This is the day, the very day, in which the Lord God of Hoſts, calls to *Weeping*, and to *Mourning*, to *Baldneſs*, and to *Girding with Sack-cloath.* And therefore, I ſhall make uſe of the *Apoſtles* words, for the preſſing this Exhortation, *James 4. ver. 9. Be Afflicted, and Mourn, and Weep; let your Laughter be turned to Mourning, and your Joy to Heavineſs.* Not a word here, but has its Emphaſis, and deſerves a ſpecial Notation ταλαιπωρήσατε: Be touched with a ſenſe of miſery, and that in your Hearts, πενθήσατε. Mourn in an exceeding great meaſure, expreſſed in ſome outward, overt-Act, καὶ κλαύσατε. Weep from a broken and tender Heart. This Weeping is Natures priviledge, forbidden by none, as the Poet intimates,

Quis matrem niſi mentis inops in funere nati flere vetat.

Again, ὁ γέλως ὑμῶν. Let your Laughter, or loud Acclamations of Mirth and Jollity, εἰς πένθος μετατραφήτω, be turned into Mourning, or into a Funeral Elegy or Lamentation, καὶ ἡ χαρά. Your Joy, or the greateſt Delight and Contentment, εἰς κατήφειαν, into Heavineſs, or into a Sorrow, that dejects the Countenance, and makes Men look down-ward upon the Earth. Now Sirs, put all this together, & that is it which I would preſs you to this day. Oh! Be ſo Afflicted, as to be touched with a ſence of this awful diſpenſation of divine Providence, in viſiting us ſo ſorely in this the day of his Anger. And then Mourn in a viſible real manner. And Weep till your Hearts are even broken with Sorrow. Let your Laughter or outward expreſſions of Mirth, be turned into Mourning, or grievous burſting forth into Tears. And let your Joy,

or

or any thing of delight, be turned into Heavineſs; or into a real dejectedneſs, or calling down: And the reaſon is very obvious; this Coffin here before us, does juſtly call for it, as containing one, who was lately the Object of our Love and Eſteem; but now the deſerved Subject of our Sighs and Tears. It is not my principle, nor uſual practiſe, to ſpeak much on ſuch occaſions of the Perſon deceaſed. The cuſtom of ſome Predicants, is rather to be bewailed, than imitated, who are inconſiderately Studious to hoiſe up the Names of thoſe, who they would flatter as high as Heaven, when perhaps at the ſame time, their Souls are roaring in the hotteſt Hell. 'Tis alſo of dangerous conſequence to the Auditors. Funeral Encomiaſticks of the Dead, prove often confections of poyſon to the Living. People may well grow careleſs of their Lives, when cuſtom layes an obligation upon the Preacher, to Hackney them to Heaven in his Sermon, when they Dye. But here is ſomething extraordinary in this Funeral, that may be my Apology, for ſpeaking ſomething concerning him, who is going to his *Long Home* this day. He Dying here in a ſtrange Country, far from his Relations, where none of his Fathers ever were; and that befalling him, which the Poet accounting a great miſery,

Barbarâ Lethum
Sortitur Piscis, quem

'Tis true, he was not drowned, and ſo did not Dye in the Waters in that ſence; but he Dyed upon the Waters, and is now to be Buried in the Waters: And therefore I think it but highly juſt, to ſtrew ſome deſerved Flowers on his Herſe, that we may all carry home the Fragrancy of his *Name* in our Memories, ſince we cannot carry home his *Body* to his dear Mourning Relations. Beſides, I look upon my ſelf as obliged to ſpeak, becauſe I knew more of him, than any, I believe, in the World, did. He was pleaſed to make my Breaſt the Repoſitory, where he locked the very Secrets of his Soul: Never two were more intimate; we were pleaſant to each other in our Lives: Oh! that in our Deaths we had not been divided. However, my love to him, and intimacy with him, ſhall not trappan me into any thing of Flattery, which I ever abhorred. And hence I will not inſiſt upon what? with I could do more (*viz.*) his exemplarineſs in Piety; Although I am more than confident, the *Root of the matter* was in him. I know his unavoidable Aſſociation with all ſorts of Company betrayed him to ſome tinctures of vanity, which himſelf was ſenſible of, and moſt deep-

ly bewailed upon his dying Bed. But for an example of Morality, a modle of Civility, a platform of all Humanity; I dare presume to present you with as exact an one, as has been seen in this Latter-Age. I remember what the Orator sayes; *Frigida laudatio mira vituperatio.* A cold kind of praising, is no better than a dispraising. Hence, what I shall say, shall be in the words of Truth, Sobriety, and (I think) justifiable Fervency. I will begin with his Extraction. His Birth was truly honourable; for he was Born of the race of the First-born, being immediately descended from the Loyns of the Prophets, and such (as in their day) were Stars of the first Magnitude, enrowled in the Catalogue of those Worthyes, of whom the World was not worthy. His Grand-Father, Mr. *Richard Bernard* of *Batcomb*, a most famous elabourate Divine, whose Name is as Ointment poured forth; whose Works praise him in the Gate, and whose Memory will never dye, so long as Religion lives in *England*. His Father also an able eminent Minister, the Husband of one Wife, by whom he had (I think) One and Twenty Children, of whom this, our deceased Friend, was the youngest: So that he was their *Benjamin*, the Staff of their Old Age; they were careful of his Education, and infused those great principles of Truth into his Infant-years; the savor of which, he retained to the last; so true is that,

Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem Testa Diu: Or, as *Solomon* Englishes it, *Train up a Child in the way wherein he should walk, and when he is old, he will not depart from it.* He was *Filius Fidelium & Precum*; *A Child of the Covenant, and a Child of Prayers.* There was a great stock of Prayers laid up for him; and I am perswaded they were not lost. After he had past his impuberous days under his Parents Wings in the Country; he was sent up to *London* to his Brother, Mr. *John Bernard*, a pious holy Man, in great esteem amongst the Godly; who was more than a Brother, yea a Father to him (as I have often heard him acknowledge, with a great sence of Gratitude) he took great care about disposing of him, in order to his future Settlement. At length he placed him with an honest Master, whom he faithfully and truly Served: I have heard his Master say this of him, He never had such a Servant. His Calling obliged him to use the Seas, which he was as unfit for, as the Sea was unworthy of him. He had a reach at higher things,

and

and his Heroick Spirit hardly brooked the Converſation genuine to this Element; he had an exceeding good Natural Wit, a Ripe Invention, a Quick Fancy, a Logical Head, a Strong Memory; and (as a Crown to all) a Great Judgment: He was an univerſal accompliſht Man, able to carry himſelf Aptly, and to ſpeak Congruouſly in all Companys, from the King's Court, to the Beggars Cottage. He was endued with that Humility and Modeſty, which very well became his Young years; and yet with that Depth and Judgment, that was a great deal above his Years. He was unſatiable after Knowledge, eſpecially in the beſt things. He would often bring me ſome of the hardeſt Scriptures to explain, and propoſe ſome of the abſtruceſt Points in Divinity, to be reſolved. Indeed he had Notions of a very high Birth, and Conceptions far above one under his Circumſtances: Inſomuch, that I have often admired him, and ſaid of him, as the Multitude, of our Saviour, *From whence hath this Man this Wiſdom?* He was a conſtant hearer of the Word, and a great Honourer of thoſe that delivered it: He dearly Lov'd a Learned Miniſtry, and by ſuch was he Beloved. Several eminent Divines in *London* had an high Reſpect for him. The truth is, I knew not any (whoſe Judgments was worth a minding) that were acquainted with him, but very deeply affected him, and eſteemed him, as one of a more than ordinary Capacity. He greatly delighted in reading good Books, eſpecially Dr. *Bates, Of the Exiſtence of God; His Harmony of the Divine Attributes:* and Mr. *Baxters Directory:* which he mightily prized, and would often ſay, he looked upon it as the next Book to the Bible. In his Match, he preferred Virtue before Money; contrary to the Genius of this corrupt Age. He adviſed with me, and indeed gave himſelf up wholly to me, to chooſe a Wife for him. In order to which, I brought him acquainted with an honeſt Religious Family, to which he was ſoon Related, by eſpouſing a Wife, that Heaven in Mercy, had every way prepared an Help meet for him: In whom he took great Delight; as alſo in the Piety, and Ingenuity of her Relations; with whoſe Society he promiſed himſelf a great deal of Comfort and Satisfaction, at his return from this Voyage: But poor Gentleman, he is now gone, Death has fruſtrated all his Expectations of that kind. *Labitur Sævo Rapiente Fato* (to uſe *Senecas* words) he is taken away by the over-ruling Powers above; never to be among his poor Relations,

or

or to be ſeen by them any more for ever. He had an admirable mixture and mediocrity in the whole of his Deportment; he was Facetious, and yet Solid; Affable, and yet Reſerved; Courteous to all, and yet Familiar with very few: He was a moſt Juſt Upright Man in all his Dealings: I never knew him guilty of the leaſt dirty or diſingenuous Action: He was a faithful and true Friend: *Uſque ad aras.* I found him ſo in my three years acquaintance with him, and conſtant abode with him, both at Sea, and a Shoar. And I have reaſon to know him; for in all that time, we were very rarely a whole day aſunder. The truth is, no Change but this of Death could ever have parted us in this World. I Experienced ſuch a Tranſcendency, Peculiarity, Conſtancy in his Friendſhip, that I deſpair of ever meeting with ſuch another Friend here below. He was a Credit to his Friends, an Honour to his Family; and the Glory of all his Relations. To Conclude, I do with all imaginable ſeriouſneſs, ſolemnly profeſs (without the leaſt Flattery, or ſiniſter Reſpects) according to my beſt knowledge of him (which was as great as was poſſible for one Man to have of another) upon a long, and critical obſerving the whole Courſe of his Life (the greateſt Secrets of which, were not hid from me). He was the moſt Cordate, Innocent, Faithful, Ingenious, and every way Obliging Man, that (in all my Travels through the World, which have been much, or in my Converſe with Men of all ſorts, which has been great) I ever ſaw, or was acquainted with. He wanted no Quality of a Man to make him Amiable, nor no Property of a Friend to make him Deſirable. For my part, I may truly take up the Lamentation of *David* over *Jonathan*, 2 Sam. 1. ver. 26. *I am diſtreſſed for thee my Brother* Richard, *very pleaſant haſt thou been unto me; thy Love to me was wonderful, paſſing the Love of Women.* And therefore I cannot but *Mourn* my ſelf, and invite you to *Mourn* with me: And though my Loſs is more particular, more peculiar than any of yours; yet there is never an one here, but has a Loſs, a great Loſs in this Worthy Man; and ought deeply to lay it to Heart, and manifeſt the ſence of it, by a due and regular *Mourning*. And that I may Methodically, and Gradually lead you into the Valley of *Baca*; Conſider I beſeech you.

Firſt, We have Loſt a Man——one of our Society is gone, and ſo our number is leſſened. Now, if the Loſs of a Man ought to be taken notice of in a Nation, or in a City, when there are Thouſands

ſands ſtill left, how much more conſiderable is ſuch a Loſs to us, who have ſo few in this our Wooden World. Beſides, this is not the firſt (though indeed the greateſt) Loſs we have had of this kind. Death has been no ſtranger to us, from the beginning of the Voyage. You know, before we were clear from *Graves-End* (a very ſutable name, for it is ſo to many a parting Friend) Death ſate threatning of us in a Terrible manner upon the *Miſon-Maſt*, from whence he ſent a Man (to the endangering of his own Life) on his diſmal Errand, to Summon a poor Boy to his *Long Home*, who out-lived not two days, the Blow he received by the others Fall upon him. And by that time we were got to the *Downs*, Death was upon the *Catharpins*, from whence, in the twinkling of an Eye, he tumbled one of our Men dead upon the Deck. And he has been ſince ranging up and down the Ship, every now and then taking one away from us, which ought to be laid to Heart by us. But behold, now he is come up to the *Quarter-Deck*, and has ſmitten one of our chiefeſt and choiſeſt Men with his fatal Dart. Oh! ſhould not we then be affected with ſuch a dreadful Stroke as this. I am ſure in the Preachers Opinion we ſhould, and that not only in the Text, but elſe-where, *Eccleſ.* 7. *ver.* 2. *It is better to go to the Houſe of Mourning, than to the Houſe of Feaſting; for that is the End of all Men, and the Living will lay it to Heart.* That is, the Living ought to lay it to Heart, and ſo Mourn, and be Troubled at it.

Secondly, Conſider, we have Loſt a Friend, a true Friend, according to the ſtricteſt Notions of Friendſhip, which is a Jewel not common, nor of little value now a days: We may now, more than ever, take up that old Complaint,

Illud amicitiæ Quondam venerabile nomen,
Proſtat & in Queſtu pro meritrice ſolet.

Friendſhip is now expoſed to Sale, and become a painted Strumpet, to ſerve the turns a little while of thoſe that will give moſt Mony for her. But our Deceaſed Brother, was one of a Thouſand, a Friend indeed: His Friendſhip was real and pure, without any mixture of droſſy ſelf-ends: So that what Chriſt ſaid to his Diſciples, *John* 11. *ver.* 11. *Theſe things ſaid he, and after that, he ſaith unto them, Our Friend* Lazarus *ſleepeth, but I go that I may awake him out of ſleep.* We may all of us apply to him in the Coffin, now before us, our Friend *Richard* ſleepeth, he is laid down upon

on his everlasting Pillar, never to be awakned till the day of the Resurrection. He Lov'd us all with a tender Love, and serv'd us all with a faithful Care. Oh! how ready, and willing was he to do good to the meanest amongst us. How did he pity, and commiserate any poor Man in Pain or Distress. How have I seen him Weep when he could not Cure. And how Charitable was he to his poor Patients; never sparing, but plentifully spending of his own, to make things good and comfortable for them: And he would often tell me, he could not but in Conscience do it. And for the truth of this, I do, and can appeal to most of you that hear me this day; you know it as well as I: Who then can deny him this Golden Title of a Friend? And he gave sufficient proofs of his Friendship in the very last act of his Life, when he desired me to send for the Officers. Oh! with what uncommon Marks of Affection, with what Transport of Passion, with what Heart-melting Compellations did he take his Dying Farewel of us, even then, when his Cheeks were Pale, when his Lips were Cold, when his Eyes were ready to be closed. Ah! can we reflect upon the Living Marks of his Friendship, and the Dying Tokens of his Love, and not be as *Mourners* about his Hearse, now he is going to his *Long Home*.

Thirdly, Consider we have Lost a Skilful Man, one that was a perfect Master of his Profession; a compleat Artist in every thing that belonged thereunto. He was well Read, and Studyed in the best Physical Authors; the Sence of all which, in any difficult point, he had *ad unguem*: Besides, his great Experience, and Practice of all Sorts, which made him every way fit to undertake so great a Charge as he had upon him. I heard an Eminent and Learned Physitian in *London*, say of him, That considering his Years and Circumstances, he never discoursed with his fellow, able to give so rational an Account of the Nature of any Distemper, and to prescribe such proper Applications for the Expelling it. He was very Skilful in Timing all that he did to his Patients; whatever he did, was in the proper day and season thereof, well knowing that to be a great truth, which the Poet tells us,

In recto medecina valent data Tempore prosunt,
Et data non apto Tempore vina nocent.

The truth is, he was Skilful in every thing that conduced to his Patients Good. So that, great is our Loss in this respect. Indeed, the

the whole of that Judgment is come upon us, which God threatned his antient People with, in the days of old, *Isa.* 3. *ver.* 1, 2, 3. *For behold, the Lord, the* Lord *of Hosts doth take away from* Jerusalem, *and from* Judah, *the stay and the staff, the whole stay of Bread, and the whole staff of Water: The Mighty Man, and the Man of War; the Judge, and the Prophet, and the Prudent, and the Antient: The Captain of Fifty, and the Honourable Man, and the Counsellor, and the Cunning Artificer, and the Eloquent Orator.* Ah! verily our *stay* and our *staff* is gone; He that was the *stay* of our Strength, and the *staff* of our Lives: He that was a *cunning artificer*, , and a *skilful Operator* in the concerns of our Bodies, is now taken away; therefore we ought to be *Mourners about his Hearse.*

Fourthly, Conſider, we have Loſt an Uſeful Man; yea, a Man of the greateſt Uſe amongſt us. The variety of Diſtempers Men are afflicted with, and ſubject to, in theſe Hot Climates, do ſufficiently infer the Uſefulneſs; yea, the Neceſſity of an able Phyſitian. I know you look upon your Miniſter as a needleſs Perſon, becauſe you are unſenſible of the worth of your Souls; if he had gone, you would not have accounted it any great loſs: Ah! but now Sirs, God knew how to take that Mercy from you, which you are moſt ſenſible of the worth and uſe of; He knew where to prick the Vein that will moſt Bleed; and therefore he has taken away the Phyſitian of your Bodies, whom you may moſt dearly miſs, before you go home. And ſurely this beſpeaks your *Mourning* in a grievous and bitter manner, for this ſo ſharp a Stroke: What *Paul* told the *Coloſſians*, chap. 4 ver. 14. *Luke the beloved Phyſician, and* Demas *greet you*: May be truly applyed to him, who was indeed a beloved Phyſician; and he deſerved no other, for his diligent care and pains towards the meaneſt Patient. He was ſeldome ſent for to any ſick Perſon, being ſo forward of himſelf to go, as ſoon as he heard of it. Moſt Applications he made uſe of, went through his own hands, though the Diſeaſe was never ſo loathſome, or the Perſon never ſo mean. How then may I beſpeak your *Mourning over his Hearſe* this day, as *David* did the *Mourning* of *Iſrael*, over *Saul*: *Ye Daughters of* Iſrael *weep over* Saul, *who cloathed you in Scarlet, and other delights; who put on ornaments of Gold on your Apparel*: So, *O ye Seamen and Officers of this Ship*, Weep over this Painful, Diligent, Affectionate Phyſitian, who refreſhed you with Cordials, and other delights: Who was day and night ſerviceable to

you, and Dyed in that ſervice amongſt you. He is now gone to his *Long Home*, who retrieved many of us, when we were almoſt there. He helped us, but we could not help him. Ah! how can we think of parting with ſuch an Uſeful, Faithful, Affectionate Friend, and not *Mourn*. How can we think of throwing him (who was the very delight of our Souls) Over-board into the wide Ocean, to be made a Prey to the devouring Fiſhes, and not break forth into doleful Crys and Lamentations.

Thus you ſee the cauſe we have to *Mourn*, from the Conſideration of the greatneſs of our preſent Loſs: But the many aggravating circumſtances of this Loſs, do yet call for our *Further Mourning*, and the ſcruing up our *Sorrow* one Peg higher. Hence conſider,

Firſt, He is taken away before our Voyage is done: It would have been a very conſiderable Loſs, if he had Lived with us to *England*, and then have been removed by Death: It would then have called for *Mourning* at our hands. I, but it would not have been ſo diſmal a providence, ſo afflictive a ſtroke, as now it is, having ſo long a way to run, and ſo many difficulties to go through, before we ſee our ſeveral Homes. This was the cauſe of *Iſrael*'s ſo long, and ſo great *Mourning* for *Moſes*, *Deut.* 34. *ver.* 8. *And the Children of* Iſrael *wept for* Moſes, *in the Plains of* Moab, *Thirty days. So the days of Weeping and Mourning for* Moſes *were ended.* Mark it, they were yet in the Plains of *Moab*; had they been in quiet, and full poſſeſſion of the Land of *Canaan*; the preſent diſpenſation of *Moſes* his Death (though at any time bitter enough) had not been ſo dreadful, and diſmal to them. But this highly heightned their *Miſery*, and conſequently their *Sorrow*, that he was taken from them, before he had brought them to the promiſed Reſt: So now in this caſe, Oh! what cauſe have we to *Mourn* in an exceeding great meaſure; for that Death has removed our Phyſitian, ſo long before the concluſion of the Voyage.

Secondly, Conſider, he is taken away whilſt the Judgment of God is upon us, in retarding our Paſſage, and threatning no leſs than a Winter Voyage. We have ſtaid ſo long in the *Indies*, that there is little likelyhood of our going Home this Year. And at preſent, we are here ſcorching in an hot ſultry Climate; the Winds ſo croſs to us, that we can neither go backward or forward; and what will become of us, the Lord knows: But ſure I am, the

hand

hand of his Diſpleaſure is ſtretched out againſt us; and we feel in part, that terrible Word threatned, *Mat.* 26. *ver.* 31. *Then ſaid Jeſus unto them, All ye ſhall be offended becauſe of me this night: for it is written, I will ſmite the Sheapherd, and the Sheep of the Flock ſhall be ſcattered abroad.* Ah! Sirs, Death has ſmitten our Phyſitian, and we are like to be *ſcattered abroad:* God Almighty knows where we may be forced to Winter; where we may be driven for ſhelter from the Furious Ocean, we cannot as yet tell: But the great, yea certain likelyhood of our being Toſſed up and down the World for ſeveral Months, before we can get about *Cape of good Hope*, makes this Loſs the more conſiderable, and our Condition the more lamentable.

Thirdly, Conſider, he is taken away in his Youthful days, yea, in the very flower of his Youth, in the height and excellency of his Strength. We ought to be *Mourners in the Street*, when we ſee any Man go to his *Long Home*; but to ſee a Young Man go there, that's newly come into the World: That is beginning (as it were) to live; that is, but bloſſoming in the early Spring of his Years---- to ſee ſuch an one ſo immaturely ſeized upon by the griping paw of Death: Oh! this muſt needs aggravate Sorrow very greatly. Upon this account it was, that there was made ſuch an heavy Lamentation for the Death of *Joſiah*, that Famous King of *Judah*, 2 Chron. 35. ver. 24, 25. *His ſervants therefore took him out of that Chariot, and put him in the ſecond Chariot that he had, and they brought him to* Jeruſalem, *and he Dyed, and was Buried in one of the Sepulchers of his Fathers; and all* Judah, *and* Jeruſalem *Mourned for* Joſiah. *And* Jeremiah *Lamented for* Joſiah, *and all the Singing Men, and the Singing Women, ſpake of* Joſiah *in their Lamentations to this day, and made them an Ordinance in* Iſrael; *and behold they are written in the Lamentations.* He had not Lived out half his days, but was unexſpectedly taken off from farther doing of Good; and this made them Lament ſo ſorely over him: And the ſame cauſe have we to Lament this day, for this our Deceaſed Friend, who, contrary to the thoughts and expectations of us all, was on a ſudden ſnatched from us, before he had arrived to the Thirtyeth Year of his Age. He was an healthy ſtrong Man. I remember not above two days before he ſickned, he was Jocoſely telling me, he looked upon himſelf as the moſt healthy and likelieſt Man to Live in the Ship. Indeed I thought he was: But Ah! how ſoon was he gone! A little

ſickneſs carryed him away. Lord, *How vain a thing is Man!* How ſubject to Fade and Periſh in his ſtrongeſt, and moſt advantagious ſtate. I will not ſay of our Friend, as *Virgil* ſaid of his *Mecenas*,

Longius annoſo vivere dignus avo.

But 'twas pity (had it been the Will of God) that a few Years more had not been added to his Life: And his being ſo untimely removed, beſpake our greater Lamentation.

Fourthly, Conſider, he is taken away in the midſt of deſires, and wiſhes for his Life. If Prayers, if Tears, if Endeavors of all ſorts, could have ſaved his Life, this Sorrowfull and Mournful day had not been. 'Tis a great Judgment for a Man to Live undeſired, and to Dye unlamented: And hence, when the Lord would expreſs his Anger to *Jehoiakim* for his wickedneſs, he threatens him with this Judgment, *Jer.* 22. *ver.* 18, 19. *Therefore thus ſaith the Lord concerning* Jehoiakim *the Son of* Joſiah *King of* Judah, *they ſhall not Lament for him, ſaying, Ah! my Brother; or Ah! my Siſter; they ſhall not Lament for him, ſaying, Ah! Lord; or Ah! his Glory. He ſhall be buryed with the Burial of an* Aſſe, *drawn and caſt forth beyond the Gates of* Jeruſalem. But it is not ſo with our Friend. I am confident not a Perſon here, but does really Lament his Death. I ſee the Characters of Sorrow engraven in all your Faces. I know you Loved him Living, and now Dead, you are Mourners for him. And I dare farther ſay, had your Sorrow been as Effectual, as it was Cordial, you had prevented his Deceaſe. So that, *Haud opus eſt Calcaribus.* There's no need of any Spurs to your Lamentation, that Labor is happily obviated. I have indeed been ſhewing you, for your Satisfaction and Conſolation, the juſt grounds of your Sorrow, to ſecure you from the imputation of Irrational. I ſhall now conclude, only with a few words, to put your Sorrow in the right Channel; that you *may ſorrow* (as the Apoſtle phraſes it) *after a Godly ſort.*

Firſt, Mourn for this Loſs by way of Reflection; That is, Reflect on the condition you might have been in, if God had called you to an account for your manifold Sins. Is a Man of ſuch Uſe and Worth taken away ſo ſuddenly by Death from us; Oh! How ſhould we Fear and Tremble, to think what will become of us, who are of ſo little Uſe in the World, who have lived unprofitably, and unfruitfully all our days; who have done little or no good,

good, in the ſeveral Capacities we have been. How ſhould it alſo incite us to a ſpeedy and unfeigned *Repentance*, leſt a worſe Death come upon us; according to the advice of our bleſſed Lord, *Luke* 13. *ver.* 2, 3. *And Jeſus anſwering, ſaid unto them, Suppoſe ye that theſe* Galileans *were ſinners above all the* Galileans, *becauſe they ſuffered ſuch things? I tell ye nay: but except ye repent, ye ſhall all likewiſe periſh.* Oh! Sirs, do you think, that this our dear and worthy Brother was a Sinner above all of us; becauſe he is gone down into the ſhades of Death before us? *I tell you nay, but except you and I repent, we ſhall all likewiſe periſh.* Oh! Therefore I beſeech you, let this ſad providence be a loud call to *Repentance* and *Reformation*; and to ſay with the Church——*Come, let us turn to the Lord, for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath ſmitten, and he will bind us up.*

Secondly, Mourn for this Loſs by way of Humiliation. Oh! labor to be ſo ſenſible of this ſad Stroke, as to be humbled under it; and to lye low before the Lord, who hath ſo ſorely viſited us in this moſt grievous manner. Humiliation is the great expected, and deſigned End of Correction. God led his antient People through the Wilderneſs, and exerciſed them with manifold Temptations, that he might humble them, and conſequently do them good in their *latter end*. 'Tis ſign of an hardned, and obdurate Heart indeed, when there is no humbling under the mighty Hand of God: And Reprobate-Silver ſhall Men call them, that are not Refined in the Furnace of Affliction. 'Twas ſpoken as an horrid Aggravation of *Iſraels* Iniquity, and Impenitency, that after all the Laſhes and Scourges of God's Rod, and all his proceedings in way of Judgment againſt them: *Yet* (ſays the Text) *they are not humbled even unto this day.* Ah! Sirs, How Lamentably would our Sins be heightned, how exceedingly would our Souls be ripened for Deſtruction; if we ſhould not be humbled under this preſent awful Diſpenſation! For verily, the Lord is riſen up, as in Mount *Perizim*: He is Wroth, as in the Valley of *Gideon*; and is doing his Work, his ſtrange Work; and is bringing to paſs his Act, his ſtrange Act; in viſiting our Tranſgreſſions with this ſmarting Rod; and our Iniquities with this wounding Stripe! And ſhall we ſay, the Shadow of the Mountain; and make but a light thing of it? Oh! God forbid! But rather I beſeech you, let us (whilſt our Spirits are dejected by this Loſs) endeavor to have our hearts

humbled

humbled in the Sence of the Lord's anger, that he may not farther be provoked to bring worse evils and calamities upon us. How was *David* humbled, and melted at the News of the Death of *Saul* and *Jonathan*? How did he brake forth into this bitter Lamentation, 2 *Sam.* 1. *ver.* 19. *The beauty of* Israel *is slain upon thy high places, how are the mighty fallen.* Truly we may justly take up the same Complaint, in the same words, *The beauty of our society, the glory of our company, the excellency of our community, is stain'd and perished from among us this day*; which bespeaks not only Heart-contrition, but Soul-humiliation.

Thirdly, Mourn for this Loss, by way of submission, and resignation of your Wills, to the good Will and Pleasure of Almighty God; and ceasing to murmur or complain, because that he has done it. We should say of this Dispensation, as the *Magicians* said of the Lice, *Exod.* 8. *ver.* 19. *Then the* Magicians *said unto* Pharaoh, *This is the finger of God*: *And* Pharaoh's *heart was hardned, and he hearkened not unto them, as the Lord had said.* Oh! Sirs, we should say, this is the handy work of God, of that God, *Whose Judgments are unsearchable, and whose Ways are past finding out*: and therefore we ought, with all holy filial Reverence, to submit to what he has done.

Fourthly, Oh! Mourn for this Loss, by way of preparation, for your own turn, whensoever it shall please God to call you to it. This was *Moses* his wish for *Israel*; and it is mine for you, *Deut.* 32. *ver.* 29. *O that they were wise, that they knew this, that they would consider their Latter End.* So to consider of it, as to prepare for it. And especially to consider of it, when we see others taken away from among us. Oh! How should Objects of Mortality before us, be as pressing Lectures of Divinity to us, to put us in mind of the certainty of our own Dying, and the necessary pre-requisites to a Dying State; that when we come to the Borders of Death, instead of fearing it, we may sarcasmally triumph over it in the words of the blessed Apostle, *O Death, where is thy Sting? O Grave, where is thy Victory?* And when (like *Aaron* upon Mount *Hor*) we are stripped of the Robes of Mortality, we may be invested with the more beauteous and transcendent Garment of everlasting Glory in our Fathers House, where are many Mansions, to enjoy the Soul-reviving Communion of blessed Saints and Angels in the highest Heaven; to sit under the shadow of our Glorified *Lord Jesus* with great

great delight, and to have his Fruit for ever pleasant to our Taste, wrapt up in the Joys and Consolations of the Spirit, waiting for that one only additional Happiness, even the Adoption; to wit, the Redemption of our Body. In a word, to be with our own God; the God of all Peace and Comfort, in whose Presence there is fulness of Joy, and at whose Right Hand there are Pleasures for evermore.

FINIS.

[redacted]

AN

ELEGY

On the Death of the before-Named

Mr. Rich. Bernard,

Consecrated to his

MEMORY,

BY ONE

Who Loved him Dearly,
Prized him Highly,
And Laments him Greatly.

CAN Grief be silent! Rather, can Grief speak!
A Top-full Vessel scarce finds vent to Leak. (row,
Hearts that are charg'd, and over-press'd with Sor-
Deny to lend what *Mourning Tongues* would borrow.
Words may be form'd in saddest case, no doubt;
But Sighs and Groans will stop their passage out.
Wonder not then we are so Mute, even now,
Our Souls to Grief's most rigid Laws we bow.
And in the Dust seem liveless as we lye,
True Hieroglyphicks of our Misery.

Sence

Sense of our Loss, deprives us of all Sense,
We more than Masters in Griefs School Commence:
Like Weeping *Niobes* we are become,
Grief makes us sad, but Horror strikes us dumb!
Our Tongues can't Accent, what our Hearts direct;
Deep Groans and Sobs must be our Dialect
We'll Sob his Death, and with an Heart-fetch'd Groan,
That Loss (which ne're can be repair'd) make known.
A Loss indeed, beyond a Vulgar Loss,
As far, as *Ophir* purest Gold's from Dross:
Death hath not snatched one of our common Friends,
But one, in whom the Life of Friendship ends.
The Soul of Love, the Quintescence of Mirth,
Whose presence mid-wiv'd Joy into a Birth;
Who Lov'd, and knew to blow (where e're he came)
The Sparks of Pleasure to an open Flame:
So Apprehensive, half-Ey'd Men might see,
He was ingenious to a Prodigie.
His rare and great Accomplishments inhanc'd
His Price, above all Value; and Advanc'd
Th' admir'd Capacity of his known Name,
To cope the glory of *Machaons* Fame:
In all the Rules of Physick he excell'd,
And very hardly to be Parallel'd.
Diseases own'd his Power, and Heaven did Bless
His Skill to most, with wonderful Success.
Besides all this, he had a greater Art,
To feel the Pulse of a Distemper'd Heart;
And by his Candid Carriage to unty,
The Gordian Knot of inward Misery:
His Wit and Parts, dispel'd the Clouds of Sadness,
And changed Sorrow into peals of Gladness.
Judge, judge how Sorrowful now is our Condition,
That thus have lost a Duplicate-Physitian.

Well might the Cannons roar when he was gone,
The fittest Emblem of our general Moan;
They were our Organs, thorough which we broke
Our Loss deadly silence, and in Thunder spoke:

We sent (by them) our loud-mouth'd doleful Cryes,
Resounding Woe and Horror to the Skyes.
The Air was black with Smoke, to let us see,
That Element did mourn as well as we:
The Sea did foam, *Neptune* was full of Fears,
Lest he should shake his Kingdom 'bout his Ears.
And in our Fury rise to such a pass,
As to attempt the wresting of his Mace;
For having rob'd us of so rich a Gem,
More-priz'd by us, than all his Diadem.
We needed not his Water for a Grave
Unto our Friend, each Tear more than a Wave
Would soon have swel'd into a Sea for him,
And been enough for th' Coffin to Swim
Or rather sink true Sorrow is such a Weight
To poize down more, than many Thousand Weight.

I now despise great *Æolus*, and his Storms,
Though represented in tremendious forms.
The raging of the Seas hence forth no more,
Shall fright my Soul, though Winds and Waves do roar;
Now he is there whose influencing charms,
Keep back their fury from inflicting harms;
And by his Art and Skill right Chymical,
Makes all their Waters more than Med'cinal.
'Twas often said, *The Sea doth hide in Store*
More than the Earth, I nere believ'd before;
But now I shall, and readily submit
With all my heart, unto the Truth of it;
Since so much Learning, Parts, and Worth, is in't,
What can it be less, than a peerless Mint?

Here stop my Pen, no farther tempt to build
Statues of *Mourning* in this sable Field:
Call for the Epilogue, draw out the Screene,
And put Conclusion to this doleful Scene.
The Floods of Tears which from our Eyes have run,
With Sighs he's wafted to *Elisium*.

The Epitaph.

FArewel dear Heart, thy abſence makes me ſad,
The trueſt Friend that ever Mortal had.
My pleaſant Sea-Conſort, the very Soul,
Of that delight, which Sadneſs does Controul:
My Boſom-Friend, to whom I could diſpence,
The greateſt Secrets with ſafe-Confidence.
My Counſellor, with whom I could adviſe,
And learn by Imitation, to be Wiſe:
A Brother dearer, than by Nature can,
In Life and Death, to me a *Jonathan*.

Reſt, reſt in Peace within thy Watry-Urn,
Whilſt I toſs'd up and down, ſhall Sigh and Mourn,
To think of my great Loſs, in loſing Thee,
Once happy in thy ſweet Society.

What! Art thou Dead? My thought my Dream was ſo.
Ah! 'tis too true a Dream: the more the Woe.
Thou hadſt thy Plea, though cam'ſt unto thy Tryal;
Death was thy Judge, and would have no Denyal.

Charles Nicholetts.